

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS

C. WALDO CHERRY.

THEODORE F. HUMPHREY.

EDWARD J. PATTERSON.

GEORGE H. FORSYTH.

PAUL BURRILL JENKINS.

MANAGING EDITOR:

M'CREADY SYKES.

TREASURER:

ROBERT P. JACK.

VOL. XLIX.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 8.

AN AVENGING ANGEL.

LIT. PRIZE STORY.

IT WAS the afternoon of a long August day. In the western sky the dying sun was just sinking behind the distant range of hills, whose outline, even to the tall pines upon its summit, stood out in bold relief against the crimson field behind it.

The day had been intensely hot, and the summer visitors at the hotel had spent most of its hours quietly seated on one of the long piazzas, not energetic enough or indeed sufficiently reckless to take any violent exercise. But now that the cool of the evening had come, as they sat on the veranda after tea, two of the bolder were talking of tennis, and some of the others trying to arrange for a moonlight row on the little lake near by; for as Miss Elliot, one of the prime movers of the scheme, very aptly expressed it, "When the sun's away, the guests will play."

"What do you think of the scheme, Miss Windsor?" asked one of the men of his neighbor, a tall, thoughtful-looking girl,

who, while the others had been laughing and gaily discussing the project, had sat quietly listening, without expressing any opinion.

"I'm afraid that I must beg off," she said in response; "pray, arrange your plans without me. I have been intending for several days to go and see a *protégée* of mine who lives about half a mile down the road. Her mother moved here this spring, rather on my advice, and I must go down and see how they are getting along."

A chorus of disapproval rose as she finished speaking.

"Why can't you wait until to-morrow, Jean?" asked Miss Elliot. "It won't do any good to go to-night, and your first evening here ought to be spent with us. I want to show you the lake and, O, lots of things to-night. It won't be half the fun if you don't go along."

"Nonsense, Lou," returned the other, "you will never think of me when you once get started, and I really must go to see those people to-night. If you only knew poor Katie's story, you wouldn't ask me to wait."

"What is it?" asked the young lady addressed as Lou, a lively and energetic as well as extremely pretty specimen of the genus "summer girl."

"Tell it to us before you go. I'm just dying to hear something exciting."

"It isn't anything very exciting," returned Jean, "except for poor Katie herself, and I believe it almost broke her heart. There isn't much to tell. Last summer Katie and her mother were living near New London, and Katie met one of the men who was spending the summer there. He used to come and see her quite often, and Katie was foolish enough to think that he was really in love with her, and meant all the pretty speeches he made. She was engaged to one of the village boys before the man came, but for love of him she broke the engagement, and all summer long considered herself engaged to the new comer. I don't blame her either, for the fellow certainly led her to believe it; he trifled with her in a way that was simply heartless. The consequence was that when one day Katie heard that

he had gone away from New London without even saying good-bye, she was almost heartbroken, for I believe she really did love him tremendously. I don't suppose the man ever thought of her again," she concluded.

"He ought to have been whipped," exclaimed Lou impetuously. Then turning to the circle of men around her, each of whom was her devoted slave and, consequently, the sworn foe of every other one, she added, "that's the way you men treat us; just amuse yourself as long as it pleases you, and then think that you can get rid of us like an old glove when you get through with it. For my part, I wouldn't trust one of you."

At this there was a sort of subdued murmur audible around the circle.

"No, don't deny it," Lou continued. "I know it's true, and I won't be contradicted." The murmur ceased instantly.

"See, they can't deny it," she said triumphantly to the rest.

She had forgotten all about the original story now, and the next instant she started off again about the picnic.

Presently the group, under Lou's energetic prodding, separated; the girls to get ready for the row, and the men to see to the boats.

As they disappeared Jean stood for a minute watching the lengthening shadows.

"Miss Windsor," asked a voice at her elbow, "may I have the pleasure of walking down with you and waiting while you visit your friends?"

Jean turned and found the man who had been seated next to her standing by her side.

"Oh, no, Mr. Winthrop, I couldn't think of letting you miss the rowing party. Harry, my small brother, is going down with me; and besides, it will be stupid for you waiting."

"Why not let the 'small brother' take my oar and me assume his duties. I don't think he'll object to the row, and in all probability he will be more acceptable to Miss Eliot than I can be," he said, laughing. "I'm not meek enough to suit her."

"Well, do as you please," said Jean. "Of course I shall be very glad of your company, if you care to go."

Winthrop made his excuses to the rest, and the two started down the road together.

"Miss Windsor," he commenced as soon as they were started, "I wish you would let me help you in looking out for Katie, if there is anything I can do. What an awfully sad story you told of her."

"Yes," answered Jean, "I believe it has ruined her life. She does nothing but sit and think of him, and recall every word he ever said to her and every look he ever gave her. She is really trying to live on the ashes of the past, I believe. Why will you men think that country girls haven't as much heart as any city girl? Katie would never tell me the man's name, for she knows that if I ever met him I would tell him what I thought of him, and I really believe she loves him even now too much to have him suffer because of her."

"Poor girl," responded her companion, "she knows what a zealous champion you are."

Then the conversation turned upon other matters, until they reached the little cottage where Katie and her mother lived.

Winthrop waited outside while Jean paid her visit, which was not very long.

"They are even worse off than I thought," she said as she came out, "and I am going to get Katie a place up at the hotel, so that she can help out a little and save her mother all she can."

Perhaps love at first sight is indeed an impossibility. But it was something very much akin to it which possessed John Winthrop as he walked home with Jean along the moonlit road. The soft light shone all about her giving an unusual pallor to her face, and making it almost as white as the fleecy shawl about her shoulders, and as he looked into her calm, noble face, in which was just a trace of the emotion which her sympathy for the sad fortune of her *protégée* had roused, John Winthrop registered a vow that all the energy which he possessed was to be bent on winning her for his own.

Winthrop was expecting the arrival in a few days of a friend, and before his coming the days were given up to all sorts of expeditions.

The weather was cooler, and drives and picnics, rowing parties and walks, were the order of the day. In all these Winthrop managed to be constantly with Jean. He was accustomed to having his own way, and seeing no reason why he should not do so in this case, proceeded as most determined men do, to its accomplishment.

If Jean had thought to ask herself whether she liked this kind of appropriation she would probably have been at a loss to answer. Object to it, she certainly did not. Perhaps the very fact that she did not think to ask herself the question may be taken as evidence of the fact that it did not seem strange or distasteful to her to find this large-hearted, generous man constantly at her side.

There was an undefinable attraction in Winthrop which, when he chose to exert it, proved almost irresistible. If Jean were not in love, she was, if she only knew it, on the high road towards it.

At the end of the week Winthrop's friend, Clifford Marsh, arrived with two or three other late comers. The unforeseen only happened, and Miss Lou was thunderstruck to find that all her blandishments failed to attract him and that Marsh seemed entirely content to spend his time in the company of "that marble statue," as she pleasantly denominated her erstwhile friend Jean. Poor harmless Jean, she couldn't help it.

The day after Marsh's arrival a driving party was arranged to go to the quarries, some large deserted stone-works about fifteen miles across the mountains.

The road led past the little house where Jean had visited Katie and her mother. Higher and higher it wound, now up the mountain side, until finally it emerged upon the comparatively open space at the summit. An exclamation of delight broke from all as the view was spread out before them. In front the mountain sloped almost directly down, while the road continued along its summit. Below, the valley stretched for miles

and miles, here and there dotted with little hamlets, each with its white steeple glistening in the sun, marking the centre of the village. Across the valley ran a shining silver band, now hidden for a mile or so in the thick woods, now emerging again and skirting some one of the little villages, only to be chained by the hand of man and compelled to turn his mill-wheel ere it could run on to the sea.

As the summer clouds drifted lazily across the sky they threw gigantic shadows over the valley, which, moving slowly across, now covered one of the villages with its dark shade and now dulled the silver of the river, and yet again turned the vivid emerald of the wood into a dark, dull green, only to make each appear the brighter by contrast when gone.

The expedition proved a great success, and Jean, as she went up-stairs on her return, stopped a moment to thank Winthrop and Clifford as they stood at the foot of the stairs.

As she reached her room she paused a moment at the door startled, fancying that she heard someone within. Then noticing no further sound she opened it and entered.

At the first glance she perceived Katie sitting by the window with her head buried in her hands. At the sound of her step the girl turned.

"Oh, Miss Jean, Miss Jean," she said, "I've been waiting so long for you, and I didn't dare go down-stairs again for fear you all might come back and he see me. Only I must go home, now that I have seen you, and tell mother I can't work here no more and we'd better go somewhere else."

"Why, Katie, are you crazy?" asked Jean. "Whom did you see that you're so frightened?"

"I'm not frightened, Miss," sobbed Katie; "only when I saw him this afternoon just as he used to look, and when I knew he'd never want to speak to me again, it was a'most more than I could stand," and the poor girl broke into weeping, the more violent she tried to restrain it.

"Where did you see him?" asked Jean, who now saw what was the matter.

"I wouldn't tell you, Miss Jean," answered the girl, "only you wouldn't have known why I went away."

"Why, of course; but tell me who he is."

"The gentleman you were with to-day," answered Katie.

A weight seemed to fall on Jean's heart.

"You mean Mr. Winthrop?" she asked, scarcely able to frame the words.

"No, no, Miss Jean, the other one."

"Mr. Marsh?"

The girl nodded. Jean sat a moment in thought, while the girl watched her anxiously.

"Miss Jean," she said at length, "you wouldn't go and say anything to him to let him know that I told you, would you? Promise me you won't," she cried in distress.

Katie was almost in hysterics now and Jean to quiet her gave the desired promise.

"And now Kate," she said, when the girl was a little calmer, "you had better get home as quickly as possible and wait till I see you. I'll try and find a place for you in Abbotsport, and you need never see him there."

"That's just it," sobbed the girl, "I want to see him, only he don't want nothing more to do with me. I wonder you didn't notice me as you passed the house this afternoon. I was out in front when you went by and I thought I would have died when I saw him. O, my God, my God, how I loved him!"

Seeing that there was danger of another outburst, Jean gently pushed the girl from the room and watched her as she went swiftly down the road, then she sat down to think.

"You coward," she muttered, clenching her little hands fiercely. "The idea of your coming here happy and contented, when that poor girl almost worships the ground you walk on and yet knows that you probably don't even remember her name!" Then she sat in thought for a few moments.

From the expression of her face it was easy to guess that she was undergoing some great struggle. Suddenly she stood up.

"And John," she murmured, "what will he think," and a softer light came into her eyes. "It can't be helped now. Perhaps he'll know some day why I did it and forgive me."

The summer wore on. Katie was established at Abbotsport, and once more away from Marsh, seemed almost herself again.

Meanwhile, affairs were in a most unsatisfactory state at the hotel. Lou had been heard to remark virtuously that for her part she didn't see how Jean Windsor could flirt so outrageously with Clifford Marsh and John Winthrop. "I think that any girl that treats men like that, ought to be ashamed of herself," she said.

If John Winthrop did not express himself so freely, he thought all of it, and his thoughts ran in pretty much the same channel as Lou's remarks, only he ended by shaking his head mournfully and remarking that the ways of women were indeed past finding out. Perhaps the only one of the four who was really satisfied was Clifford Marsh.

He had seldom seen a girl who had fascinated him as Jean had, and he had come to the same conclusion as that reached by John Winthrop, namely, that his fate was settled. He hardly knew whether Jean realized that he loved her or not. She was one day so distant and cold that he hardly dared speak to her, and yet the next she would be all sunshine and kindness itself, and he would take courage again. It was this capriciousness which charmed him, and every day saw him more and more determined to win her.

So time fled, and the summer was almost gone. Every day Marsh became more hopelessly in love, and Winthrop more despairing, while the rest of the party were whispering to one another that Jean Windsor, the belle of two seasons in New York, had found her match in this little country town.

It was about a week before the hotel closed and Clifford Marsh was to go away the next day. They were out on the lake for the last time and Marsh had managed to have Jean all to himself in a small canoe, while the others were in a larger boat.

He purposely let the little boat lag behind, and when the others were out of earshot he let his paddle hang listlessly in the clear water while the boat slowly drifted before the breeze.

"Miss Windsor, Jean," he said, after a moment's pause, "you must know why I am here today, why I schemed and planned to be your partner on this, our last row together. You must have seen that all through the summer, ever since I first met you, you have been what no one in this world has ever been to me before. You must have seen that I worshipped the very ground you trod, and that day after day when you seem to dislike me I was half in despair and almost resolved to make way with myself. Only to be re-assured when you were kind. Then the whole world seemed brighter. I know I'm not a perfect fellow. I've done a good many actions that I'm not proud of, but nothing that I'm afraid to tell you of."

A strange light came into Jean's eyes.

"And now, Jean haven't you a word of hope for me when you know that I would lay down my life for you this very instant if it would do you any good?"

Words failed him then and he stopped and looked at her wistfully as he watched the changing expression of her face.

"Stop, Mr. Marsh," said Jean at length; "there's no use of your going any farther. Let me answer you.

"You think you know my character. You think me incapable of leading a man on when I don't love him, don't you? But that's what I've been doing with you. I don't care as much for you as that," and she dipped her finger in the water and tossed a drop towards him. "Think I was flirting with you if you like, but now you know the truth. Does it make you any happier?"

Marsh sat with ashen face, hardly able to believe he was not in a dream.

Then all that was worst in his nature suddenly came to the surface and he commenced speaking angrily, accusing her of heartlessness and cruelty.

Jean listened for a moment in silence, only her face grew whiter and whiter.

Suddenly all her pent-up anger burst forth, and, forgetful of her promise and mindful only of his cruelty to the girl who loved him, she interrupted—

"I wonder how I listen to you," she said, "when I despise you so. You say you never did an action you are ashamed to tell me of. I know of one I should be ashamed to hear of.

"Perhaps you never knew this side of my character before. Neither did I. I didn't think I was capable of what I have been doing until I knew of that poor girl whom you had made love you and then forgotten all about.

"When she came to me and told me you were the man, all my contempt seemed to rise up against you, and I resolved to make you suffer as she has suffered. I fancy I have done it. Perhaps you think it has not cost me anything to be untrue to myself. But it has. Yet Katie could not avenge herself, and I had to do it for her."

While she had been speaking Marsh had been mechanically paddling towards the shore. Now the boat grated on the beach. He stepped slowly ashore and waited while she alighted.

"Miss Windsor," he said at length, "I suppose I have no right to blame you. I dare say I deserved it all. And yet I didn't think you could do such a thing," he said slowly. "I can't reproach you now that I know the whole story, for I can never cease loving you even now; but I'll never trouble you again." He turned and hurriedly disappeared in the woods.

Jean listened until the snapping of the twigs under his feet died away in the distance, and then she turned and slowly walked toward the hotel.

That evening Jean was seated alone on the veranda, musing sadly on the events of the day. She was wondering more bitterly than before, now that it was all over, what John had been thinking of her actions all summer. Some day, perhaps, he would know.

"He may despise me for it," she murmured, "and then I must bear it alone. Yet perhaps—but time only can tell."

Howard White.

MEMORY'S HARP.

EASTER lilies, tall and fair,
Shed sweet perfume on the air,
From their bell-formed throats so yellow,
Hark! I hear a music mellow.

For their fragrance softly brings
Gentle music to the strings
Of my memory's harp; I hear
Sweet vibrations echoing near.

As that music gently swells,
Tales of long ago it tells.
Life's sweet spring time it recalls;
Fallen are Time's barrier walls.

But the fragrance slowly wanes,
Dying are the memory strains.
Sweeter music ne'er was known
Than this music that hath flown.

John Hamilton Thacher.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

HE WAS wondering, now, that he had not spoken to her before. Now that the years that had flown so noiselessly by seemed to rise about him and float down the stream of consciousness and far away, he thought that he had been very stupid not to have seen it all long ago. But the whole current of his being had mingled so quietly and imperceptibly with hers that he had never asked himself whether he loved her or not. But now she was going away; and it had taken him a long time to realize what shadow it was that had risen against the background of his life, darkening it in a way that he had not understood. For though nothing had changed about him, he only knew that she was going away; and the drifting cloud that floated across the sky, and the bees in the old hive that never ceased their friendly hum, and the ships that showed tiny against the sky on

the horizon of the distant sea, were only telling that she was going away. At night the flaring stars swung round the sky and seemed to repeat from the silence of infinite depth that she was going; and then Fletcher became aware that he had loved her all the time. He wondered whether, if she had never come into his life, he would have remained the apathetic, indifferent country boy that he had been. Then he knew that he would, and that his nature would have narrowed with the years that had come; and it seemed very strange that he should never have realized how she had been his inspiration and expanded his life and drawn it forth, and that without her he should never have known the richness and fullness of life. And now she was going to pass out of the current of his being, and he might never see her again, and it came over him with all the tumultuous fierceness of youth that he loved her, and had never told her so.

He wondered whether he might tell her now, when they were walking together for the last time; but she seemed so far above him that it seemed presumptuous to think of it. He was very young, and the world lay before him. He would wait until he had manfully cut out his way, and then, when under her inspiration he had shown the world what he could do, he would gather together all the honour and all the success and the name that he had won, and would fling them at her feet. But now he had nothing that was worthy of her, and so, out of his reverence for this woman, and because all that he had and all that he was, seemed so pitiful and weak, he would not speak to her now.

But they walked along together down the country road, with the trees wide branching above their heads, and the leaves now falling thick strewn along the ground and sinking beneath their feet. The gray sky fell low upon the hills behind, and far in the distance before them swept down and mingled with the sea; beneath them, there were the cliffs and the breakers that swept and fell upon their bases, so that the spray flew high in the air and was lost to sight in the gray of the sky, while the glistening drops of white below seemed, in the distance, to hang fixed in air, and gave no sign of motion; and the line of breakers

stretched so far along the coast that its monotonous roar came like a dull undertone that could not be located anywhere, but only fell softly upon the ear like the subdued hum of the woods in June, or the churning of the water under a ship's counter.

Over the hill and high above the village some scattered birds were flying, but so high that they seemed to float motionless in the air, so that the gray sky and the ocean and all the world about seemed resting impassive in the quiescent peace of the October afternoon—the only perceptible motion being the shuffling leaves beneath their feet and the subdued tone of their voices as they walked, and the leaves of the maple falling.

"He was so foolish," she said, "to have acted in that absurd way. But then, I fancy that most of us act as foolishly as poor Mr. Rackstraw if we only knew. I wonder how many men struggle and strive and spend their lives in a feverish endeavour to obtain something or other, and then, when the fire and buoyancy of life is gone and they have worn themselves old, find that what would have made them happy was right at their hand after all. Don't you think so, Fletcher?"

Fletcher Barnes' eyes opened wider and he clenched his fingers in his hand so tight that he furrowed his palm with four deep red marks. "Do you mean, for instance," he asked very slowly, and thinking that his voice sounded cracked and dry, "do you mean that a man doesn't know when a woman loves him, and wastes his life and runs on in his lonely course when he might have spoken to her in the beginning? Do you mean that?"

"Why, yes;" not at all slowly and perfectly naturally, "sometimes."

"Oh, Ruth!" he began, but she seemed to think of something suddenly, and turned away and broke a twig from a low-hanging branch. "Oh, Fletcher; look at that sunset!"

Sunsets indeed! He looked at the girlish figure that stood against the background of the sky. He thought that she was blushing a rosy red, but she stood full in the brightness of the setting sun, so he could not tell. The glint of the slanting sunbeam in her hair threw a kind of glistening brightness about her form. They were just at the turn of the road, where the

maples gave way to a spreading oak, and the grass was softer beneath their feet. The country sloped down to meet the bridge of light that the setting sun cast across the water. It flitted across his mind in a kind of subconscious way, that it was curious that at this time he should have nothing to say. Here, before him, with her face against the sky, was the woman that had meant for him so much ; she was going away ; she would be gone from him in less than ten minutes, and when he saw that sun again she would have passed out of his life, perhaps forever, yet here he was, with those ten minutes slipping away and he not knowing what to say. He wondered the next day why he had stood there so foolishly, instead of telling her that he had loved her all his life and drawing out her love by the impetuous fierceness of his own. But that seemed at the time the rash assurance of a fool, for as he had told himself over and over again that day that he had nothing to offer that was worthy of her. So all they did was to look at the sunset.

"Do you see how the shimmer of the waves shines between that schooner's sails?" said the woman who had come into Fletcher's life like an inspiration, and who represented for him all the finer part of life.

"Do you mean that farther one, with the patch on the fore-sail?" replied Fletcher, thinking that after five minutes he should never see this woman again.

"There, the sun is gone. Don't you think we had better go to the house?"

"Yes," said Fletcher, "we certainly should."

"I am so sorry," she said, as they reached the house, "that you had to go to Welbrook to-night and could not see us off. Well, we've had the walk we promised ; I suppose we shan't see you again ? Should we say good-bye ?"

"Yes," said Fletcher, "we certainly should."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye "

He walked fiercely along the road, not knowing what words he had been saying. He was not thinking of what he had said, nor of what she had said, nor of how she had looked at the

gate. He was only thinking of a shining wreath of hair, a face half turned away, and a figure outlined against the sky.

That was all that he carried with him of her who had gone away, but the picture stayed before him after he had left the country town, and while he was struggling in his profession. It was before him when there came the first pleasant consciousness of success. It was before him as he hammered and beat out the way that is honoured among men, and it was the inspiration and guiding star of his indomitable will.

It was before him when men said that he had done so much more than most men of his age, but he laughed at that, and thought that he had done very little. For a while he would measure himself by that old inspiration and impulse to life that she had given him, and would mentally question if the very most that he could do would count for anything with her; he knew, of course, that she would have been pleased, but then, when he asked himself if it were anything really worthy of her, he knew that it was not, and despised himself, and began again.

Other women were not as she had been, so he kept away from them, so far as he could, except that he had an old-fashioned reverence for woman, for her sake and for his mother's. He did not mingle with them, for his life, so it seemed, had been cast in a different channel. And the truth came gradually borne in upon him, that woman, after all, represents the lighter side of life—the life, it may be, of the finer and subtler activities of the soul, but not of the deeper and higher aspirations of the race, not the life of the thoughts that shake mankind. And so for those basking in the sunshine of the day, for them was woman made. But life is more than sunshine, and back of the Beautiful lies the True, which is greater. And along those steep and rugged paths, which he must climb who labours for his kind, there woman can not go. So the man with a work to do on earth must forswear woman-kind; for only among men shall he find that clear atmosphere, that earnestness and that dogged persistency of effort that is the crowning glory of man.

Ay! woman is the lesser man, and man is sufficient unto man. Imperceptibly, therefore, Fletcher had let his old ideals and his old inspirations wither and die away, and the woman who had moulded his rising manhood and thrilled his veins with the fullness of the larger life passed from him, and he knew her impulse only as a memory. For now he was lifted to the broader inspiration of men, and the scales fell from his eyes.

Men said that Fletcher Barnes had applied himself to his work with the zeal of a devotee, and he had received the reward that signifies success—the approbation of earnest and capable men. Unselfishly and at the sacrifice of the pleasures of life that his talents might have brought him, he had applied himself arduously and unflinchingly and so effectively that at the end of seven years he had made a distinct and decided contribution to the progress of the world. And, although he had not sought it, yet there had come a reward of a more material kind, and Barnes found himself growing rich, his voice an authority and his name respected among men.

It was after those seven years had slipped away that they told him that She was coming back again, and he knew that he should see the woman lost to his youth so many years ago. He knew that he should see her, and then he fiercely declared to himself that he would not see her. For he thought of the years when they had grown up together, and of all that she had been to him; and he thought of how dark the world had grown when she had gone away, and then floating before his memory he saw her figure outlined against the sunset, and the glint of the sunbeam in her hair; he saw the ships, and the tide tossing upon the cliffs, and all the hallowed memories that he thought had been buried forever. But now they arose before him and thronged about his brain, simply because he had heard that She was coming back. He vowed that he would not raise these buried ghosts of the heart to vex his soul, and resolved that he would not see her.

No, he would not see her, for she had passed out of his life and into the world around, whither he would not follow. Better that it should be so; better a momentary pang of memory than

to strike again a chord that had long ago throbbed itself away and passed into the voiceless music of infinite peace. So the victory was won, and the woman he might have loved was dead to his soul forever.

He had resolved not to see her, but it was ordered otherwise. For he went to visit the old house in the quaint town over the sea, not believing that she was within a hundred miles. But as it happened these two were thus unconsciously brought into the same old town where they had lived together and where she had left him and said good-bye.

He was walking along the country road, beneath the same maples that had sheltered them years ago, but now it was in the fullness of the spring and there were no leaves beneath his feet, but only the trodden path, and the grass, and running vines along the sides; the world that had been so silent before was filled with a tremulous sound; for the insects in the field and the cry of the birds along the shore and the note of the sea gull flying, were filling his heart with the joy of returning spring.

Then she came walking along the path, and as if she had risen from out of the misty past she floated before Fletcher's wondering eyes. And he saw her as he had seen her that afternoon, in the light of the setting sun. He saw her, and read the smile upon her lips, and all the structure of his life fell like the fabric of a dream; for there stood before him the woman whom he had loved, the woman whose image had ever been in his heart; for he knew now, by the swift spiritual telegraphy that sometimes comes into a man's life, that he had loved her all the time, even when he had thought that he had plucked her image from his heart; for he felt the fierce throb of life that he had not felt for years, and then there came rushing over him in one great wave of feeling, all the ambitions, all the hopes and fears, all the broken aspirations, and the sorrows and the joys of his young life—sweeping in tumultuous confusion down the current of his soul, till his heart beat high and his spirit leaped within him; for there she stood before him, and he looked through the clear depths of her eyes, as she stood smiling there, deep down into her soul, and with his eyes he told her that he loved her. He thought,

as she stood there breathing a kind of spiritual effulgence about her, with the sunlight falling tremblingly through the trees upon her as she stood, that she was infinitely above him, and in one supreme act of devotion he would have flung himself at her feet.

But she held out her hand. It felt soft and cold in his. He let it fall, and they walked along together. Where the field about them had before been brown with the fading year, they now saw the awakening pulse of nature round about, with the bursting buds above their heads and the pleasant hum of a thousand little lives that thronged the leafy trees. It seemed as if she had gone away but yesterday, and as if they had been walking along that very path only the afternoon before. The years that lay between had slipped far away in the background of memory, and lay in the misty region of a shadowy past. He saw at his side the woman with whom the current of his life had run seven years before, and he saw her as she had stood with the glint of the sunbeam in her hair, and her figure outlined against the sky.

Then he told her that he loved her, and had loved her all his life, and in one burning torrent poured out all the throbbing ecstasy and tumultuous passion of his soul. He told her how she had lived in his heart long after she had left his sight; how she had been his inspiration through the struggles and strivings of his life, and how all that he had to fling at her feet was so pitiful and unworthy.

Above the roar of the tide upon the cliffs the sea-gulls hovered crying; the gray foam spattered the rocks and covered the sea like a mist of falling tears. She looked upon the ocean and the clouds floating silently above, and far in the offing on the glimmer of the bending sails, while the meadow around was never silent for a moment, but throbbed and hummed with the joy of life in the fullness of the bursting spring. While the heart of nature beat around and the rippling brook ran silently laughing by, she turned to the man at her side.

"Fletcher, don't," she cried; "don't tell me all this now."

"Ruth, my darling, what do you mean?" And for a moment he drew her unresisting to him, then she drew back and stood alone.

"Don't, don't," she cried and stretched forth her hands and turned her face away. "I mean—I don't know what I mean—don't say that to me—oh, Fletcher, leave me and go away!"

"Ruth! Ruth! You don't mean it. Don't send me away now, when I have waited so long. I loved you that day when you went away, and we were walking where we are walking now. Ruth, dear, can't you love me a little—have you never loved me a little all your life?"

And now everything was changed, for it was he that was excited, while she had become quite calm.

"Fletcher, dear," she said quietly, "you will let me talk to you as we used to talk together, won't you? Don't think that I am unkind and unfeeling for what I say. Shall I speak to you frankly, Fletcher? Would you rather have me speak so?"

"Speak as you will," he said.

"You say that you love me now, Fletcher, and that you did when I went away from you, and you speak as though we had come back to just where we left off—as if we had been dreaming, or as if the world had stood still all the time."

"Well, haven't we, Ruth?" he asked. "Haven't we been dreaming? Or at least I am sure I have; for when I saw you coming along the path, all the past seemed to drop away, and you looked as you had looked that afternoon, and it seemed as though I had not really been living since. I never understood how a great space of years could drop so out of a man's life and become only a shadow and altogether unreal. And now, when we have come back again, and the best part of life is all before us, you draw back as if I had hurt you. Ruth, I was afraid to speak to you before you went away, and I know that I am as unworthy of you now as I was then, but when I saw you again to-day, after I had thought that I should never see you again, and looking as you used to look, I had to tell you. Ruth, if you ever cared a little for me before, and if you do now, can't you just tell me that you do love me a little? But tell me yes or no, for I can't understand this strange way you are talking."

"Oh, Fletcher," she cried, and she turned and looked him full in the face. "Why do you make me say all this? I did

love you then ; yes, I did. There, see what you have made me say ! Oh, why didn't you say all this before—and you have made me tell you—and now it is too late—it is too late !”

“Ruth, Ruth !” he cried excitedly, “what has happened ? Is it true that there is someone else ? Can't you love me now ?”

“No ! there is no one else ; but I can't love you. Yes—no—no—no. I don't know. Don't, Fletcher, don't. It is too late. It can never be the same again.”

“Ruth, you are cruel. What do you mean ? You say that you loved me then, and you said—yes, you said that you loved me now. What do you mean by its being too late ? Why can it never be the same again ? It is the same now. Why do you tantalize me so ?”

“I am not tantalizing you. I mean what I say. Sit down, here, on this stone. Forgive me for not being able to control myself a moment ago. You see I am talking quite calmly now. Now, look at that schooner far away to the southeast ; she is taking in sail ; there is a storm coming. Look at the ocean, Fletcher ; don't look at me. Don't, I say, and I will tell you what I mean.

“You want to know why it is too late. It is too late because we are seven years older than we were then. It is too late because you have drifted into a way of life that is absolutely different from all that you cherished seven years ago. Your ideals have shifted, and if you had not met me this afternoon they would never have been brought back. It is hard for both of us that we should have met again. You think it is hard for you ; but, oh, Fletcher ! it is hard for me ; for I know that you did love me once with an undivided love. And you think you do now ; but it is only the passion of a moment, and the illusion of a fire that is dead and cold forever. You will see it all three months hence, when you are back at your work among men, and you will thank me for having told you so now. You know, in your normal moments, when you are not disturbed with my presence, you know that the reaches of a man's heart are infinitely above woman's, and that a man who comes into the world with work to do must leave women behind him. You

know that we have not the strength to follow you, nor the depth of being to equal yours, and that woman is the lesser man.

"You are surprised that I should have read your thoughts so closely. Ah! Fletcher, that is a woman's intuition, which you despise—I have followed you more closely than you knew, even when I was far away. Don't think that I say this to reproach you, for I half believe you are right. We *are* weaker than you, and our natures are cast in a lesser mould. But it is not often that a man in love believes that. It is only once in a great while, when he buries himself in his work, and cuts himself loose from the lighter things of life, that he comes to know it. You did not believe it seven years ago, and if you had told me then that you loved me, I would have been yours forever, and you would never have learned that woman was the lesser man.

"For between a man and a woman, the last recess of truth should never be brought to light. If they would have that fine spiritual communion, there must always in their life be an uncorrected Mistake. Woe to the man and the woman who have learned the last secret of Truth, and destroyed the last illusion. For Love is greater than Truth, and Love lives and reaches its fulfillment in one grand, sublime untruth. Yes, Fletcher, woman is the lesser man, but alas for the man that finds it out. This Untruth that is given to men is finer and grander than Truth itself; for by it man idealizes Woman, and places her far above him, and about her he casts a halo of reverence that makes her almost divine. But you know, Fletcher, and I know, that the halo is unsubstantial and unreal, and when a man and a woman have once learnt this, then the poetry of life is dead forever.

"So, Fletcher, although I loved you once, and although you love me now, we could never be happy together. The current of your life has changed since then. You think that you are now as you used to be, but it is only because you have revived for a moment a memory of long ago. If we had never met before we might love each other now, but now to fall from the height of that old devotion, as you would have to fall, Fletcher, dear, would be more than a nature such as yours could bear.

You are right, and we are less than you. You knew that yesterday, and you will know it again.

"Now, don't protest; don't tell me that your whole vision is changed. You have made me speak, and what I have said pains me more than you. Now, I am going to leave you; don't follow me; don't turn; look, there are the breakers tossing high upon the rocks; there is the drifting cloud settling low upon the water. Don't you hear the surge of the tide, and feel the wind blowing fresh upon our faces? Hark to the voices about us—in the air above, and over the sombre ocean. They are calling you, Fletcher; the world has need of you. You are young and strong, and all the glory and wonder of life is before you. And you must forget me, dear, and not follow me, but let me drift away from you again. There, the night wind is coming; the sun has set in a glory of throbbing and wonderful splendour, and the storm has passed in the distance."

And, without farewell or word of parting, she was gliding away in the depth of the glimmering sunset. He turned to follow, but she motioned him back with her uplifted hand.

The sun had fallen beneath the waves, and over his grave the crest of the distant billows rose sharp against the sky. The sea-birds hovered lower and the insects ceased their song. Silence and infinite peace hung over the tranquil ocean.

But he sprang to his feet before she had passed away. For a moment he would not speak, nor deign to answer her unjust charge. Then he broke forth in a passionate protestation.

"Don't," she cried, furiously; "don't follow me. I tell you *no*. I want you to think; I will not hear you now."

He looked at her retreating form, and as he thought of how unjustly she had accused him, and how she had charged him with not loving her truly, he vowed that he would plead no more, nor humble himself before her while she was in this strange, opposing mood. Not love her, indeed! He loved the very sound of her voice and the tread of her foot upon the grass. Now that she had questioned the depth of his affection, he was too proud to plead before her again until Time had done his work.

Until Time had done his work! Time travels post-haste and his pace is never wearied. He travels on the sable wings of the mysterious night and bears us swift through the land of dreams. He moves us in a thousand ways whereof we know not the cause, and he laughs as we look about us and cry like children in the night. We are never what we once have been—the unrealities of life vanish and fade away, and Love, great, magnificent Reality, abides through all. But we are ever changing and shifting hither and thither, and we, foolish children, think that Love is dead, and know not that it is we who have changed.

Fletcher Barnes, leader of men, stood by a window watching the moon riding high in the fleecy sky. As he gazed upon her there in the night, he reflected that she was looking over the ocean and the little town on the coast, four hundred miles away, where, a year before, such a tempest had raged in his soul. He was thinking how a man with work to do in the world, and a mission to perform, must leave women behind him; for in the higher reaches of the heart of man there are points to be gained and obstacles to be overcome that are beyond woman's grasp, for woman is the lesser man, and her nature is cast in a lighter mould. As he looked back at the events of a year ago, he wondered what madness had seized his brain.

Far away, beneath the moon, and over the tossing ocean, a woman was watching the tide as it rose against the cliffs and fell back in its ceaseless course. A silvery bridge of light floated across the infinite waste of water, and the spray from the dashing tide shone white against the swelling waves. She looked upon the sea, and heard the moan of the eternal tides, but she did not see the bridge of light, nor the spray dashing high in the air. She only saw a vague and misty waste, that swept round and met the sky, and across it a trembling beam of light. She saw the ocean dimly, and only a blur where the spray was dashing, for her eyes were filled with tears.

M'Creedy Sykes.

THE SONGS OF "THE PRINCESS."

MR. PALGRAVE dedicates his "Golden Treasury of Lyrics" most appropriately and most felicitously to Alfred Tennyson, as, he says, "the homage which is your right as poet." This homage is significant not only as a tribute to the genius of the poet; it is, as it were, the dubbing of the poet as a Knight in the order of *Lyric Poets*. Tennyson is generally conceded to be a great lyric poet. Let us then examine a small part of his lyric work, that we may estimate more accurately his genius.

Perhaps, of all Tennyson's poems, none has evoked such varied criticism as "The Princess." Some critics have praised it far beyond its merits; others have gone to the other extreme, and declared that there is "nothing good in it." The majority, however, stands with Mr. Van Dyke, who, while he condemns it, modifies his condemnation with a consoling adjective, which expresses his meaning most felicitously. "It is a *splendid* failure," says he. Nevertheless, in this "splendid failure," when the story-teller says—

"And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
From time to time, some ballad or some song
To give us breathing place."

or when the Princess says—

"Let someone sing to us; lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music."

then the reader, who knows something of Tennyson's former work, instinctively prepares himself for some fresh, sweet, exquisitely melodious lyric. And is he to be disappointed? To discover this will be our object.

Feeling, freshness, genuineness and egoism are the characteristic qualities which all true lyrics must possess. We will apply these standards to the songs of "The Princess."

As all lyrical poetry, which is expressive at all, expresses some passion or powerful feeling supposed to be inherent in and

exciting the singer, lyrical poetry may be said to be essentially dramatic. A song performed is a passionate "discourse in most eloquent music." Its language must be exclusively that of the feelings, and, being so, must, if it be true that simplicity is necessary to the pathetic, be free from every appearance of the artificial. Does our poet seem to forget this? Is there any lack of feeling, any violation of simplicity, anything artificial in this?

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O death in life, the days that are no more."

What wonder that

"She ended with such passion that the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom."

Secondly, as to the freshness and genuineness of these lyrics. If by this we mean a newness, a manly vigour, a striking originality, a freedom from restraint, we will not find it absent in these songs. To be sure there are passages which remind us of other poets; for example,

" * * * brief is life, but love is long,"

reminds one strongly of Goethe's

"Die Liebe ist lang,
Aber kurz ist unser Leben."

True, but such borrowing is legitimate. Tennyson borrows from Milton, Theocritus and the Bible, but seldom without bettering the borrowed expression, and

"To borrow for to better, no plagiarism is."

The genuineness of these lyrics cannot be questioned. They represent his own thoughts and his own feelings. Nothing

seems forced, nothing seems artificial. The lavishness and over-wrought style of his youth has been toned down, until now his style is as true, virile and clean-cut as the man himself. He uses presentative rather than representative language, an incontestable sign of genuineness. Quite like Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" in sweetness and simplicity are the songs beginning

"As through the land at eve we went,"

and

"Home they brought her warrior dead."

Lyric verse is the verse of the individual. It is the poet's *own* experience, the poet's *own* loves, the poet's *own* sorrows that evoke the song, and it is the similarity of these to our experiences, loves and sorrows that appeals to us. Shakespeare stands aloof from his dramas, but when he writes his sonnets and lyrics he pours forth his whole soul. Our poet, too, in these lyrics possesses this lyric egoism to a great degree.

"O, swallow, swallow, could *I* follow and light
Upon her lattice, *I* would pipe and trill."

"The children call, and *I*,
Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound."

And yet his egoism is not so narrow but that it can include his countrymen. Tennyson loves England and all Englishmen; and one of these lyrics is a sort of national psalm of victory:

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n; the seed—
The little seed they laughed at in the dark
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun."

As to our poet's vision of nature, little need be said. What a comprehensive and natural picture of a moonlight evening he gives in that pretty little serenade:

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white.
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
 The firefly wakens; waken thou with me;
 Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost;
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.
 Now lies the earth all Danæ to the stars,
 And all my heart lies open unto thee.
 Now slides the silent meteor on and leaves
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in thee."

A perfect picture, suggestive of Gray. Tennyson's Nature is never second-hand. He loves it for its order and its law, perhaps, rather than for its beauty; but he loves it, nevertheless. In these lyrics, our poet uses scientific fact as poetry but once—

"The moon may draw the sea."

It is interesting to note the colour which predominates in the poet's mind. He affects most gold and yellow and red. It is "the gilded eaves," "the golden woods," "the gold fin" and the "red cross," "the crimson petal" or the moonlight "red with spurted purple of the vats" that attract his attention.

Of man, we find but two types of attachment in these lyrics. One is the conjugal relations of man and wife. This is peculiarly English, and it is peculiarly Tennysonian. Our poet respected the marriage bond with a respect that was almost reverence. We observe this particularly in the "Idylls of the King," and here we have two beautiful examples:

"As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears.
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears;
 When we fall out with those we love,
 And kiss again with tears."

And here is the husband again:

"A moment while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee."

The transforming imagination of Tennyson, antedating the employment of language, idealizes the objects within his vision. This idealization is constantly taking place; and some very beautiful pictures it gives us. He sees the smoke rising from the chimneys of the cottages, as the

"azure pillars of the hearth."

The flash of the goldfish in the porphyry font is a "wink" to him. His is surely a poetic vision.

As to expression, Tennyson has never been criticised unfavorably. From his very first efforts he has seemed to have that faculty for choosing just the right word for the right place, and just the right metre for the idea. His pen has always a smooth and melodious flow. His practised ear will not allow him to produce anything unmusical. There are no discords, no rough places. All is—"Tennysonian." The principles of unity, brevity and simplicity are all observed by the poet. One perhaps might be better if it were shorter; and that is the last poem. But the last two lines of this "sweet idyll" make up for all defects—those two onomatopoetic lines:

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
The murmuring of innumerable bees."

We are not surprised to find Mr. Tennyson using the iambic metre almost altogether in these lyrics. He is too great an artist not to know that this is best adapted for his purpose. And as for his adapting the rhythm to the idea he wishes to convey to the reader, we need but to quote Mr. Van Dyke:

"Not a word of these songs can be omitted or altered, neither can they be translated. The words *are* the songs. "Sweet and Low," "Ask Me No More," "Blow, Bugle, Blow," will be remembered and sung long after we have forgotten all about the

awful Princess and ceased to follow the serio-comic adventures of the feeble prince."

What then shall we conclude from the examination of these "gems of precious poetry with which the slender thread of the narrative is strung?" They have answered every requirement of the art of lyric poetry. They possess concentration of thought, feeling and idea; and the form in which they are presented, we have found to be almost faultless. They bear the impress of the master-hand; and with the exception perhaps of Shakespeare and one or two of the Elizabethan lyrists, he has been surpassed by no poet.

"Who sings
Of Nature, Man, or Human Life."

Karl George

THE GHOST TYPE.

IT IS with some hesitation that I narrate the following details of my personal history. I am about to shatter an idol. I know the fate that has fallen to those rash iconoclasts of the past who have laid impious hands on images of public worship. I realize, also, how firmly enshrined is the idol I attack when I impugn the old-fashioned, orthodox ghost. But the duties of the chronicler compel me to affirm that the conservative spook—a clanker of chains—a moaner—a freezer of blood—can no longer enjoy his pristine glory. I speak with authority. I have seen the modern, progressive, *fin de siècle* ghost, and all others must give place. This is how it occurred.

It was just fifteen minutes before train-time, and I stood, suitcase in hand, on the platform of the Pennsylvania station wondering if that shiftless chum of mine would ever learn to appreciate the beauty of punctuality. Commencement was just over and I had undergone, in the last five weeks, the worry and strain of making good the accumulated sins of omission of my college course. The long, sleepless nights spent in working off conditions that had collected over my devoted head in the last

four years, together with my constant fear of being officially stamped as a failure by not receiving a diploma, had had an effect upon my health that was as serious as it was unexpected. The doctor had briefly sized my case up by assigning me to the vast army of "nervous prostrates." He added, however, that there really was danger of a low fever, and recommended the change and rest of a Western trip. He tendered also, as perfectly original, the genial advice that I should avoid hotels where the waiters would get all the change and the proprietor the rest. My family were all abroad, so, accordingly, when I had made sure of my diploma, I decided to accept this recommendation, and start for California immediately after graduation.

My bosom friend, Jack Slatterly, was a young man of by no means conventional character. He was a firm believer in the superiority of mind over matter. He was of a decidedly leisurely nature, and he had expended no small amount of intellectual effort in devising methods of reducing his physical labours to a minimum. His room was a network of electric wires. Did he wish a window raised or a door opened, he had but to press a button, and it was done. Most of his correspondence was accomplished with a mimeograph, on which he used "forms" for any species of epistle from mere lying regrets to a business-like request for a check from home. An imposing collection of syllabi adorned his bookshelves, and the matter of getting through an examination he had reduced to a science. No sooner did Jack hear of my decision to take the California trip than he conceived the idea of having me stop over in a small Western village, armed with a letter of introduction to an uncle of his, and thus break an otherwise lengthy journey. This suggestion of his I was, of course, delighted to accept.

But now, with a thoughtlessness that was characteristic, he had put off writing the letter of introduction till the last minute, and thus it was that I stood outside the Pullman, my ticket purchased, trunk checked and berth engaged, counting off the minutes, while no Jack and no letter of introduction appeared. At last, however, when the big clock in the arched dome showed

two minutes to train time, I saw the perspiring face of my friend push through the crowd and past the gate.

"Here it is," he panted, as he dashed up. "Didn't know whether I'd catch you or not. Had to write two of them, you know. One for that Earl of Beverly that visited us at college, you remember—but you're off. Good-bye, old man," and I had scarcely time to seize the letter and thank my rattle-headed chum, when the train pulled out.

I will not narrate the details of my Western trip, nor tell how I presented my letter of introduction and was cordially received by the family for Jack's sake. Nor is it necessary for me to relate how I immediately proceeded to fall head-over-heels in love with the daughter of the family for my own sake. Such an event is by no means unprecedented in the history of romantic young fledglings of my age. Miss Van Hilliard, at the very moment of my introduction to her, shattered my preconceived idea of Western femininity. An idea gathered, I will confess, from pictorial paragraphs in which a Miss Oklahoma or a Miss Ranchstakes is sometimes quoted as wondering why Easterners found a fork so much more useful for eating purposes, than a knife. Miss Van Hilliard assumed for me the rôle of that character of current romance to which is given the indefinite attribute of being "unlike other girls." I might have found it difficult to enumerate those qualities which she possessed so exclusively, yet I was perfectly sure they existed. An Alma Tadema might have likened her to a Pompeiian priestess, and have immortalized her on canvas with a background of blue-tinted marble. For myself, I only know that she was a peculiarly beautiful girl, whose deep blue eyes and an earnest, interesting way of talking were absolutely magnetic. She had been educated at a Western University—a co-educational institution whose teachings reflected the principles her father believed in.

The Van Hilliard family, consisting of ex-Senator Van Hilliard, his wife and Marie, were of that sturdy type of Westernism which shows strong resemblance to the Puritan stock. The Senator himself had emigrated from the East when a boy and had grown up amongst the struggles of border life. He had

gone back to New England for his wife, with whom he had returned and built up for himself both fortune and fame in this Western community. Accordingly, I was not surprised to find some strong Puritan characteristics developed here. The Senator hated anything that was not truly democratic. He was a believer in America and American institutions. I think that the suggestion of a leisure class or a New York aristocracy of the Van Bibber type would have given the old gentleman a fit of apoplexy. At least, I never suggested it.

The Van Hilliard mansion was an old and substantial one for that locality. I believe it laid some claim to historic associations acquired during the war—when the guerilla Quantrell led his bushwhackers through that region. It stood back on the summit of a terraced lawn, and was approached by the foot-walk through an avenue of evergreens, which lent to it the stately air of exclusiveness that is suggestive of English country houses. I found around the house almost every readable periodical of the day, and in one or two of the rooms I was surprised to see framed centre-pieces from *Life*, by Gibson—smart satires on the American Girl's supposed mania for purchasing titled foreigners.

I prolonged my stay at the Van Hilliards' until the bonds of hospitality were seriously strained, and then allowed myself to be persuaded to make a return visit a month or two later, on my way back. I was grieved to observe on the occasion of this second visit that, although I was received with a certain amount of cordiality on account of Jack's friendship for me, yet there seemed to be a certain tone of reserve, not to say disapproval, in the conduct of my hosts toward me. Marie, I was delighted to observe, showed the least of it. But even she, at times, seemed to look at me with a faint suspicion of horror as if some evil reputation clung to me which my personality did not appear to justify. I was at a loss to account for all this and at last concluded that I was to them a representative of that great class of college graduates to whom the magazines and paragraphers of the day had given a cheerful reputation for conceit, loose morals and studied indolence. I set myself to live this reputation down but the Senator

and his wife never seemed to continue a conversation with me for any length of time and never asked any questions about my antecedents. In fact I must confess that my conversation, both with Marie and her parents, during my visits was of rather a peculiar character. I had noticed the extreme pride with which they seemed to regard the West and all things Western. So I determined that, as far as possible, I would restrain the natural inclination that every college man feels—to talk of nothing but things collegiate—and would keep the conversation on topics pertaining to the West. So far did I carry this that I seldom even mentioned Jack, save in a general way—alluding to him as a very dear friend. I think it was this self-forgetfulness and sympathy with Western ideas that drew me closer to Marie. Be that as it may, my suit with her progressed. I thought I could perceive hopeful signs in her behavior toward me.

One evening in the conservatory after dinner, when she had been talking for sometime in her quick, eager way, I noticed that she paused with her sentence half finished and seemed to be regarding me with an earnest expression of commiseration, as though she were trying to accustom herself to some great, irredeemable blemish in my make-up. Our eyes met.

"I hope I am not very dangerous," I smilingly suggested. The remark fell almost unheeded.

"You speak so differently from what one would expect, I can scarcely believe you are——," she caught her breath as though she had ventured near a subject that could only be painful to me, and added, "dangerous."

Then she deftly prevented any more questions on my part by asking, with an air of deep curiosity, who had won the last Oxford-Cambridge boat-race. I was somewhat mystified by this event but it was only one of a series of such puzzling occurrences.

This nameless prejudice of the family became so marked, at length, that I felt it my duty to remove my evidently unwelcome presence. I determined however, in my sense of the blind injustice of the situation that I would not leave without at least appealing to that tribunal in which Marie's affections constituted judge and jury.

I am afraid my proposal was painfully prosaic. It was couched in halting, bashful sentences, and as she looked up at me questioningly and then down again very quickly it seemed as if a life-time was crowded into that one moment. She breathed more rapidly, and as I caught her glance once more and saw the colour rise in her cheeks, I felt a world of doubt lifted from my mind. Then she started to speak but stopped. The look I had seen in the conservatory came over her face again, and she shook her head slowly but hopelessly and left the room. I was more in the dark now than ever. I was to leave the following afternoon and I gloomily foresaw that all my rosy hopes for the future were to be dashed to the ground without my even having an opportunity to stay their fall.

I was thus torn with a conflict of emotions when I retired that night, bitter against my fate. I do not know how long I had slept but I remember that I was suddenly awakened by a low, soft movement in the room. I sat bolt upright in bed and looked in the direction of the sound. The moonlight streamed in through a side window and made the room as light as day. In the corner, seated before one of those framed centrepieces of *Life*, that I have spoken of, I could distinguish a ghostly figure. I looked again to make sure, but there was no doubt of it. I could see the steam radiator in the corner right through its body. It was peculiar in appearance even for a ghost. I am not thoroughly familiar with ghostly appearances, but I think I am justified in calling this appearance peculiar. On its head was a large coronet, and on its breast, suspended from a silken ribbon, was the familiar insignia of the Star and Garter. It was attired in ordinary evening clothes except that the material of which they were made seemed to be nothing but paper—cut leaves from magazines. Some of these leaves impressed me with a vague sense of familiarity, but I could not think exactly where I had seen them before. The only violation of the otherwise perfect conventionality of dress was the presence of a watch chain and charm. I saw, however, that the charm instead of being some costly jewel, was merely a small leather-bound book, the gilt lettering of which I could plainly read in the moonlight—it

was "The Anglomaniacs." But the behaviour of the shade was even more striking than its appearance. It would glance from the picture on the wall to me and then back again, and then roll and shake with such a paroxysm of laughter that I almost became alarmed for its safety. Such an ecstasy of joy and amusement as it exhibited I had never before witnessed. At length it made an effort to compose itself for speech but immediately burst into spasms of mirth and rolled off the chair upon the floor. This performance somehow shocked me. This phantom did not conform in the least with my idea of ghosts. It was not at all remorseful. I remarked with dignity that as I had never before been so wildly successful as a humourist I would be delighted to know whom my humour had so pleasantly affected. The spectre seemed to compose itself with difficulty.

"Of course, of course," it remarked, with a strong English accent, "of course you don't know me. How should you? We have nothing in common," and here the humour of the situation seemed to overpower it.

"No," I admitted, "we haven't; but you needn't let that restrain you from acting like a gentleman." This remark seemed to have an effect.

"Oh; I say, now," the ghost said in a conciliatory manner, as it walked through a chair and came over and seated itself on my bed-post, "you mus'n't be angry, don't you know? I daresay I don't seem civil. But it's ever so funny, you know;" here it restrained itself with difficulty.

"You see I'm the ghost of a type—a modern type. All progressive ghosts—ghosts of any standing nowadays are ghosts of types. You are well acquainted with me. I have been introduced to you frequently through the only literature with which you ever became familiar at college—the literature of the humorous weeklies. I am the ghost of the Titled Foreigner. I am also, though I perhaps ought not to be the one to say it, a most perfect type;" here he gave a modest cough. "You will notice my diminutive stature and my brow, wrinkled with the marks of vice. You have probably observed also," he added, raising his arm and disclosing a stained and battered coat-of-arms

that he wore just under his elbow, "that my escutcheon carries upon it the most approved line of blots. This large one here was for gambling, and that one was occasioned by a pleasant little scandal in London. The other minor blemishes were acquired only after long and patient perseverance." He paused to note with pride the effect that this enumeration had upon me. "There are a great many varieties of ghost-types. There is the Metropolitan box-holder, the physician who is in league with the undertaker, the Fifth-avenue stage-horse—but I weary you by repeating them."

I said politely that I was much interested but was curious to know why he had happened to pick me out for the distinction of being haunted. He went off in another spasm of laughter.

"Why don't you see——," but his mirth became so uncontrollable that it seemed to shake him into dissolution and he was no longer visible, though I still fancied I could catch the muffled sound of his laughter. I stared for a few moments at the bed-post he had occupied, wondering what it was I didn't see. His violent laughter I accounted for on the theory that if he had originated in humorous papers, as he said, his mission now must be to do the laughing that other people had failed to do. I turned over and went to sleep thinking about it.

In the morning I did not mention my adventure of the night before, but occupied my thoughts in trying to find some way to stay the hand of the Nemesis that seemed to pursue me. There was no mistaking the tone of cold disapproval that pervaded the conversation as I sat in the library with Marie and her parents, and in my misery and bitterness tried to be civil to them as I said my good-byes. In a few minutes my chances of happiness would be gone forever. I could never hope to see Marie again. Suddenly my attention was enchained by a shadowy figure perched upon the book-case. I recognized my spectral acquaintance of the night before. I perceived that he was invisible to my friends though I could see him distinctly and could almost read the pages that composed his garments. He was still making up laughter on back editions, but now I saw that he pointed his finger derisively at me as he rocked back and forth. I was the object of his

mirth! It made me indignant. "You? You?" he repeated derisively, *you an English Lord?*" I resented this vague aspersion. I sought for some crushing form of retort. At last I blurted out, "Thank heaven, *I'm not* one of your foreign nobility." I had forgotten for a moment where I was, but the effect on my friends in the room was magical. Marie stood up and said with a naive look of surprise:

"I knew it, why didn't you say so before?"

"Yes, and Jack's letter—that foot-note," added Mrs. Van Hilliard. That letter! I saw it all. Jack had in his hurry mixed the two letters. The Earl of Beverly had been enjoying the distinction of being Jack's chum, while I—it was as plain as day! Jack, in his hurry, had conceived the brilliant idea of saving time by *printing both letters from his mimeograph*, leaving blank spaces for names and merely adding descriptive foot-notes at the bottom. It was the interchanging of these ridiculous foot-notes that had caused the mischief.

The Senator's democratic principles had prevented him or his family from ever calling me by my supposed title, while the deep-rooted prejudice against foreigners and especially foreigners of title which he had instilled into his family had prevented their ever alluding to what they considered my irrevocable misfortune. It may be surmised that I soon set their minds at ease on this damaging point. I never had an opportunity to thank my ghostly friend, though sometimes now when I peruse a comic weekly I know he must be near by on duty.

A few months later, as Jack closed the carriage door and leaned through the open window to pick a few grains of rice off my coat collar, he said:

"Just one question, old man, how did you ever come to find out my mistake and let them know?"

"I think I must have had some spiritual assistance," I answered as the carriage started. But I never explained.

John Hamilton Thacher.

'TIS WELL

I.

I WANDERED far in retrospect,
To ages long ago ;
I saw a poet lost in thought,
His features thin and wan ;
Each night he toiled by candle dim
Till night was almost day,
Each day took up the selfsame task
And wore his life away.
Men called him great ; a household word
Had grown his poet name :
He smiled, a fire lit up his eye—
He'd gained immortal fame.

I looked again, and far and wide
I searched, with patience rare,
To find one little song, mayhap
My poet's, lurking there.
I spoke his name ; men knew it not—
At last, in moss-grown walls
Of ancient monastery lorn,
Upon my vision falls
One little time-worn, musty book,
Covered with mould'ring dust ;
My toiling poet's crystal thoughts
Giv'n o'er to moth and rust !

Alas ! And is it well that for
A transitory name
I wear away my heart's best life ?
Is this immortal fame !

II.

I wandered far in forest's deep,
I found a quiet nook :
Lost to the unkind world of men,
I read kind nature's book.
I watched the stripling oak spring up,
I heard him sigh and groan,
Struggling e'er upward to the sun,
To be among his own—
The pride of all the forest vast :
The years sped on ; he stood
The noblest of his noble tribe,
The monarch of the wood.

I looked again: the noble tree
 No more adorned the earth;
 Lost in decay, to dust returned,
 As dust had giv'n him birth.
 But, by his dust, the soil was rich,
 The verdure radiant bloomed;
 Far nobler trees drew their life's blood
 From his great heart entombed.
 Dead, long forgotten, yet the wood
 Was richer by his death,
 The copse's fragrance sweeter far,
 The flower a daintier breath.

'Tis well: be fame immortal lost,
 If only I may add
 My little mite to mankind's joy,
 Mankind to make more glad.

Edwin M. Norris.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIN'T THE CUP AND —THE GIRLS.

(A FARCE IN FOUR ACTS.)

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARLIE VAN HURST, a wealthy young clubman, of a decidedly fickle disposition, alternately in love with

BESSY MATHERS and } both very beautiful girls.
 JULIET DE LONG, }

MRS. MATHERS.

THEODORE NEWCASTLE and } friends of Van Hurst.
 GEORGE STEVENS, }

JOHN LOGAN, confidential valet of Van Hurst.

ROSE, servant girl.

ACT I.

Scene—Van Hurst's bachelor apartments; that gentleman in his wrapper in an easy arm-chair before the fire, yawning.

Van—Well, well, there's nothing in this paper. I could get off as good things myself. But—I say, John, come here!

John Logan (who is busily brushing Van Hurst's dress suit in the corner)—Yes, sir.

Van—I say, John, have you ever been in love?

John—Can't say as I 'ave, sir, unless as it's with—

Van—That isn't what I want to know. I don't care who the person is. What I do want to know is—now mind—have you, John Logan, my valet, ever experienced the sensation of abstract love?

John (scratching his head)—Well—yes, sir.

Van—And how does it feel?

John—Very funny, sir.

Van—Now, look here. I didn't ask for that. I could have said as much myself.

John—I'm trying to put me ideas into complex words, sir.

Van (slowly)—So you're after complex words, are you? If that's the case, take your time; I'm in no hurry, for I haven't anything to do. (Begins reading again, John Logan steps softly over to the library. At the end of five minutes)—Well, have you got those words yet?

John—Yes, sir.

Van—Then, what is it?

John (slowly)—Abstract love is that peculiar sensation of affection which one 'hindividual experiences for another.

Van—And where the devil did you get that?

John—Out of me 'eart and 'ead, sir (tapping the latter).

Van—Now come, John, I thought I heard you moving back there.

John—No, sir; I've been brushing these 'ere clothes.

Van—See here, John, I think you're lying. I don't care if you have though, but honour bright, on the word of an Englishman John, where did you get that?

John—Well, sir, seeing as you put it that way, I'll confess them sentiments ain't 'olly me own—here they are, sir (brings over dictionary and reads the lines). You see it's true.

Van—You're an honest fellow, John, but that's not enough, I'm not satisfied (suddenly jumps up from his chair and begins to dance around wildly).

John (running up)—Is there anything the matter, sir?

Van—No, nothing John; no, nothing at all, only an idea. Sit down now, quick or I'll forget it. Be quiet till I get through. (Shoves John into his own chair.) Listen, listen, I've got it. John, for heaven's sake don't tell me you don't love Rose!

John (composedly)—Shan't say as I do, sir, if you object.

Van—Oh, that's not enough; say you adore her, quick! I'm forgetting. Please do, John. I'll marry both of you if you will—no, you know what I mean, I'll see you both married, give you plenty to live on and be godfather to all of them to boot. Quick!

John—I adore her with all me 'eart, and soul and strength, and you too, sir.

Van—There, there, don't mind about me. I've got it (jumps about wildly). Now run quickly, bring Rose in and tell her all that on your knees; I want to see you. John, do go, won't you? I'll give you anything if you'll only be quick, before I forget.

John—And maybe Rose won't be agreeing.

Van—That don't make any difference. Do go, John, I'm forgetting it all. Quick, quick! (Pulls John out of the chair and pushes him towards the door.)

John (calling out)—He, Rose! Mr. Van Hurst wants you, quick!

Rose (coming in)—What do you wish, Mr. Van Hurst?

Van—John lied. I don't want you at all. He wants you. Now, John, down on your knees like a man (pushing him down in front of Rose). There now, say: "Rose dear, I adore you; be mine, and"—anything else you can think of! (Rose intensely embarrassed.)

John—"Rose, dear, I adore you; be mine, and anything else you can think of."

Van—You'll spoil it all, talking like that. Now, take her hand; kiss her; embrace her; anything, only for heaven's sake don't take so long about it. Kiss her, I command you, you blockhead, quick! (Rose slaps John in the face, and tears out of the room.)

Van (wiping the perspiration off his forehead)—Now, that's what I call a bright idea.

John—Do you mean the slap, sir?

Van—No, no; that's not it; but the conception. Only you ought to have hugged her, to have made it perfect.

John—Aye, and gotten two slaps for me trouble.

Van—Why, man, what do you expect, a kiss for nothing (excitedly)? It's just what I thought. None of that confounded nonsense of love being the abstract affection which one person feels for something. I wanted to know how it was all done. Do you understand?

John—And why, sir?

Van—Look here, John. You're a good friend of mine.

John—If you don't get me any more slaps.

Van—Oh, I'll make that all right. But you are a good friend of mine, aren't you?

John—The very best of 'em, sir.

Van (goes up to him and whispers in his ear)—Then I'll tell you the secret. I'm going to do the same thing myself soon.

John—And get the slaps, too?

Van (drawing himself up proudly)—She slap me! I'd like to—(Some one rings at the door). There, there, John, don't say anything about this. I haven't told anyone (John goes to answer the bell), though I don't believe I can keep it much longer.

Enter Theodore Newcastle and George Stevens.

Van—So it's you, boys? I'm awfully glad to see you. There, John, bring up some chairs and those cigars. Try them; they're not half bad. Been smoking all morning myself, you know.

Ted—I say, Van, what have you been doing to Rose? When we passed, she looked as if she didn't know whether to get mad or cry.

Van—What have I been doing to Rose? Oh, yes; I remember. 'Pon my word, I had forgotten all about it. But I didn't do anything to Rose. It was John—he insisted upon proposing on his knees to Rose a few minutes ago. Yes, right in this room. There, there, John; don't say anything. I want to keep that a secret, for (puts his hand to his mouth)—I say, John,

run and make it all up with Rose. Tell her you were fooling, if you like. Kiss her, or anything else she can suggest, or I'll have to go and do it myself, and I can't go now, for I've got to tell these gentlemen something. [John goes out.] Now, boys, I've got something to tell you. You're the only ones who know it except—well, never mind who it is. Fact is, I only learned it myself this morning. Read up half a book and found some confounded nonsense in the dictionary about love being the abstracted affection which one fool feels for another. Didn't believe a word of it, so had Rose propose to John—no, it's just the other way. There, don't look surprised or interrupt me, for that's not the secret (drawing himself up proudly). Boys, you, Ted Newcastle and George Stevens, my two best friends in this world, congratulate me. I'm deep in love. Feel it all through me. Yes, that's it. It fairly makes me tremble from head to foot, so it must be true. There, there, why don't you congratulate me?

George and Ted—Of course we do, old man; but who is she?

Van—Well, to tell the truth, I'm not quite engaged yet, though it's as good as done.

George and Ted—But who is she?

Van—There you've got me again. It's one of the two, but I can't make up my mind which.

George and Ted—Two!

Van—Yes, Juliet and Bessy; can't tell which I adore more. First it's Julie, then it's Bessy dear; and it's as hard on them as on me. Every time I see them I know they both expect it's coming.

George—And can't you decide?

Van—No, I don't seem to be able to. I'm with Julie; we're on a sofa together; she's just a little way off, so. It's all so nice and simple. Then it's Julie and I feel relieved, and am just on the point of getting down on my knees and having it all over with when Bessy dear passes by with someone. Then it's Bessy. She leaves and then it's Julie again. And so it goes, first one and then the other. And it's awfully hard on them, too, poor things!

Ted—How's that?

Van—Why both of them want me. The other night at the Bentley's wasn't it Bessy who pitied Mr. Dearborn right to my face because he was a bachelor? She was so pathetic that I began to pity him, too, and Bessy, bless her kind heart, to help me and feel relieved herself, kicked a low stool my way. Didn't that show it worried her?

George—Oh, yes.

Van—And a little later I sat beside Julie. Just think, on the same spot, and she began to tell me what a comfort her mother had told her she was. And Julie said all good children are, and she kicked the stool toward me; so she felt it, too.

Ted (smiling)—No doubt it was probably in her way.

Van—What was?

George—Oh, nothing.

Van—So you, boys, see just the way it all stands. I don't know what to do, and I've got to do something. And I thought it was all settled from what John did, that I was really in love, and then you've got to mix me all up again by asking who it is. I say, take another of those weeds. How do they go?

George—Finely, Van.

Van—I thought so; but wait, I'll ring for something to drink. [Rings.] I say, John, bring in some of that—by the way, did you make it all right with Rose and tell her I'd arrange it?

John—Yes, sir.

Van—And she's—

John—Quite convalescing, thank you, sir; but what did you want?

Van—Oh, something to drink; anything, only hurry up. [Exit John.] Say, boys, you'll both be at Mrs. Van Est's dance, won't you?

George—Yes.

Van—That's good. Then I'll present you to Bessy and Julie, and you'll watch them very carefully and help me choose, won't you, for the Lord knows I can't have them both?

Ted—Of course, George and I will do our best.

Van—And you'll get them—I mean the one I take—to tell you all about it and how well I did it, when it is all over, won't you?

George—We'll insist upon hearing everything from beginning to end.

Van—That's right. Here, John—to your health, boys, and many of them; that's what I want. Leaving already? How does the old song go—"speed the coming, hasten the parting guest." That don't sound exactly right, but never mind. But, be sure and be there, and early, too, for I won't be able to spare them long to you: (half to himself) dear Bessy, sweet Julie, I adore you—that is, one of you—be mine and anything else you will. That's wrong, but you'll tell me when the gentlemen go, won't you, John? Good-bye, boys, see you to-morrow evening.

ACT II.

Scene—Ball-room at Mrs. Van Est's, one of the Four Hundred; in the conservatory, on the left, is a sofa, in front of it a low stool.

Von Hurst—Now, Julie and Bessy, you know I don't mean that yet—let me have the pleasure of presenting my two friends, Mr. Newcastle and Mr. Stevens. Awfully jolly fellows, you know—do you any kind of a favour and forget all about it the next moment. They're going to do me one to-night, though you musn't ask them what it is. Must they, boys?

Bessy Mathers (laughing)—After such excellent references we shall have to engage both of you.

Van—Not them. He, he, he! Didn't I tell you, boys; remember?

Juliet De Long—Remember what?

Van—Never mind, my dear. There goes the next waltz. This is mine (turning to Bessy Mathers).

Juliet De L. (laughing)—Why, I thought I was to have the pleasure, Mr. Van Hurst.

Van (looking at both dance cards)—'Pon my word, that's so. It's a mistake, though. Then I shall have to split it. Awfully sorry for both of you (starts to dance with Bessy Mathers).

Van (half an hour later, on the sofa)—By heavens!

Bessy Mathers—What's the matter Mr. Van Hurst?

Van—Matter? Everything! Forgot all about splitting that dance. But you're to blame too, for if I hadn't been dancing with you, I would have been with her.

Bessy M.—Oh, Miss De Long will never forgive you.

Van—Don't you really think so?

Bessy M.—I am quite sure of it.

Van (dejectedly)—It's too bad, but what can't be helped must be endured. (Suddenly looking up), I say Miss Mathers, I forgot something else.

Bessy M.—Really.

Van—Yes, and I'm afraid I shall forget it too, if I don't do it at once.

Bessy M.—Why, what is it?

Van—Well, that's kind of sudden.

Bessy M.—What is?

Van—There, I'm forgetting it. Can't keep it. Murder will out. (On his knees), Miss Mathers, no Bessy dear—that's it. Oh my, how does it go? There, there, please don't say anything till I'm through. Bessy dear, I adore you—yes, don't look surprised, it's so—be mine, mine, and—and anything else you can think of. There, I'm relieved. Will you, Bessy?

Bessy M.—I can't answer you now, Mr. Van Hurst.

Van—Of course; that's all right. Just as long as you like. In no hurry, you know. How glad I am, though, I didn't forget it or get confused. And you'll tell George and Ted all about it, won't you?

Bessy M.—“Tell George and Ted all about it?”

Van—Yes, promised them you would. But never mind now; this is our dance. (Begin to waltz.)

Van (half an hour afterwards, running up to the sofa all out of breath)—Oh dear, so glad I found you—been looking all over—want to explain all about it. Was dancing with Bessy and then, then, I—you know.

Juliet De Long—With Bessy?

Van—Yes with Bessy. If you don't believe me, ask her yourself. (After a moment's rest.) You've forgiven me, haven't you?

Juliet De L. (laughing)—Yes indeed.

Van—Then that's all right, and I'll do it. I say, were you ever in love?

Juliet De L.—Mr. Van Hurst?

Van—Don't call me that. I want you to say, "Yes, Charlie, dear."

Juliet De L. (surprised and repeating the words)—"Yes, Charlie, dear."

Van—That's what I said. My name, you know. Thought I'd try a new opener to tell John about.

Juliet De L. (nonplussed)—"To tell John about"?

Van—Yes, John's my valet, you know. He did it differently with Rose. Now, will you, dear?

Juliet De L.—Will I what?

Van—Why, marry me, of course.

Juliet De L.—Mr. Van Hurst!

Van—Julie, dear!

Juliet De L.—This is very sudden, Mr. Van Hurst.

Van—I know it. Didn't think I'd come to it myself. But you will, won't you?

Juliet De L.—I can't answer at once.

Van—Oh, that don't matter at all; only don't say anything about this to—to Bessy, for I—because I—oh, don't worry; it will turn out all right in the end. There goes the music again (begin to dance).

ACT III.

Scene I.—Bessy Mather's home; her friend, Juliet De Long, staying with her. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Newcastle announced by the footman.

Bessy Mathers—Good evening. Yes, it must be awfully cold out. But (re-entrance of the footman)—What is it, William?

William—Two notes, my lady. Boy says as he wants an answer.

Juliet De Long—Why, there's one for me. You will pardon us a moment?

George and Ted—Oh, certainly.

Bessy M. (reading her note)—Hem! (out loud) I shall have to ask both of you to excuse Miss De Long and myself for a few minutes. Perhaps you would enjoy looking at some of the paintings on the wall, which are said to be pretty fair, while we are obliged to play scribe. Come, Juliet, we won't be long (exit).

George—I say, Ted, it must be something awfully pressing. Perhaps we'd better have excused ourselves, too.

Ted—And missed an awfully good time. No, no, my boy.

George—That's so. I say, what stunning eyes she has!

Ted—Who?

George—Why, Miss Mathers.

Ted—Oh, perhaps so, but I prefer the other style of beauty.

George—Every one to his own taste.

[Peals of laughter from next room, the door of which opens. *Bessy Mathers* and *Juliet De Long* appear, holding both notes in their hands.]

Bessy M. (with difficulty controlling herself)—Mr. Newcastle, did you ever think Mr. Van Hurst rather peculiar?

Ted—Do you mean mentally?

Bessy M.—Oh, nothing so bad as that, you know, only—Juliet, I can't go on.

Juliet De L.—We have just received two rather odd notes from Mr. Van Hurst. I know we ought not to have said anything, but it's too good to keep (bursts into shrieks of laughter).

George—Do tell what it is that's so funny.

Bessy M.—I can't tell, but I'll read the note (begins to read):

DEAR BESSY—I hope you and Julie will dine at Del's next week. Am going to ask Ted and George. Just we five, you know. The other matter is all settled, so don't worry. By the way, wouldn't show this to anyone, not even Julie. They might think it's kind of queer, you know. Devotedly, as ever,

Your dear! dear!

R. S. P. V.

CHARLIE.

Juliet De L.—And mine's quite the *fac simile*, word for word, even to dear Bessy. Dear! dear! dear!

Ted—And they are from Van ?

Bessy M.—Yes, from Mr. Van Hurst. Oh, oh, oh, I shall die !

Scene II.—Van Hurst's study, afternoon of same day.

Van (springing up from his chair)—I say, John !

John Logan—Yes, sir.

Van—Something's troubling me. What would you do about it, if you were me ?

John—That depends a little on what it might be, sir.

Van—Oh, I haven't told you ? John, I'm engaged to both Jule and Bess. What the devil shall I do ?

John—To what, sir ?

Van—To Miss De Long and Miss Mathers.

John—To both of 'em, sir ?

Van—That's what I said, wasn't it ?

John—And you're agoing to marry 'em both ?

Van—How dare you, sir ! (After a minute) John, I can't stand this any longer. There, you see I'm doing it fairly (tosses up a coin). Head's Julie, tail's Bessy. Hurrah, it's heads, so it's all settled. What a jolly idea. Now bring me paper and ink, quick ! (After destroying about a dozen sheets of paper) Listen, John (reads). That explains it all, doesn't it ?

John—And might I ask what them last letters have to do.

Van—Oh, yes, it's the polite way of saying answer. Correspond soon as it pleases vous ; *vous* French for *you*, you know. There, take that around (begins to read the paper).

John—Where, sir ?

Van (looking up)—What's that ?

John—Where I'm to take these 'ere notes ?

Van—Oh yes, forgot all about them, on my word (begins to read).

John (after five minutes)—Where did you say ?

Van—To the queer-looking brownstone house on the avenue (takes up the paper again).

John—But—

Van—What the devil do you want now? Rose will tell you or take you, but don't interrupt me. Don't you see I'm—
(Begins to read again. Exit John.)

ACT IV.

Scene—Private dining-room at Delmonico's. Van Hurst at head of table; Bessy Mathers and Juliet De Long on either side; George Stevens and Theodore Newcastle next to them; Mrs. Mathers opposite Van.

Van (rising with a wine-glass in his hand)—So you want a toast? Suppose I'll have to toast, then. Same old thing, you know. Ladies and gentlemen—It's most pleasing to behold so many joyous faces here, old and young, young and old, and, and—Oh, that reminds me! I haven't said anything about it yet, have I?

All—Not a word.

Van—Very well then. It's a kind of story, you know. [Chuckling.] Once upon a time there was a man who was in love with two girls. [Ted (*sotto voce* to Bessy Masters)—Seems we know just such a man.] One was a brunette and the other was sort of half and half, you know, and the man looked very much like—never mind yet who it was. [Juliet De Long to George Newcastle—Dear me, what's coming now.] There, there, girls, don't laugh; I'm not through yet, and I'm forgetting. He didn't know what to do, for he loved them both and told them so when he wasn't thinking. Awfully awkward, you know. Engaged to both and didn't like to tell either he couldn't marry them together. At last he tossed up a dollar and it came down heads, and that's [smiling], that's you, Julie. John saw it was all right. And you were tails, Bessy. It's too bad; just as leave had it the other way. You see it, don't you?

All—No, no.

Van (laughing)—Oh, it's too good to be true. Here, waiter, fill up the glass, quick! I'm forgetting where I am. But I was to toast. Her's to the lucky girl. Every man to his own girl. There, there, Julie, don't you see now how—what, what are you doing, Julie, Bessy? [All rise with glasses in hand.]

George—Why, Van, every one to his own girl, you know, and we're doing it. [Clinks glasses with Juliet De Long.]

Ted—Congratulate us, Van. [Clinks glasses with Bessy Mathers.]

Van—What does this mean? Quick, or—or I'll forget all about it.

George—Oh, nothing, only we're engaged. There, there, Van.

Van (dejectedly)—So you've done it; and you girls let them deceive me and never let me know, after I had told all of you? Well, well; it can't be helped; (brightening up) oh, I say it isn't so bad, though. Didn't like to call it off, Bessy, and take Julie. So it's all right (beckons to the head waiter). Here, waiter, more wine. Who was it who said—George?

George—Said what?

Van—Never mind what—quick, I'm forgetting!

George (laughing)—The dictionary?

Van—The devil with the dictionary. Listen! 'Twas better to have lost and loved than never to have, have—confound it! It's all wrong. Don't mind. I congratulate you, girls; of course I do. They're jolly fellows—help you out of any kind of trouble. Waiter, more wine. Hurry! Now, here's to your healths, dear children—every one of you. Feel like a godfather already. God bless you (empties his glass).

[Curtain.]

George H. Forsyth.

FROM TIBULLUS.

WHAT joy will be mine, then, to hear the winds sighing,
When the world in the fetters of winter is bound,
To clasp my dear Delia, the weather defying,
Or be lulled into sleep by the rain's gentle sound.

May such be my lot; the dark storms of the ocean
Never daunt the stanch hearts that are craving for gold,
But no tear will I wring from my Delia's devotion,
For the wealth and the jewels ten kingdoms could hold.

Thy spirit, Messalla, is warlike; the booty
 Of land and of sea, on thy walls, speaks thy glory,
 Not victor, but vanquished, content with slave's duty,
 Enchained by a beautiful girl—such my story.

* * * * *

And when I am placed on the funeral pyre,
 Thy grief will seek solace in kisses and tears;
 Thou wilt weep, I am sure; hearts of steel 'gainst love's fire
 Are not proof; and thy heart most tender *appears*.

As the youth and the maidens in silence and sorrow
 Turn away to their homes from the last solemn rites,
 Every eye will be moist; but, Delia, the morrow,
 I charge thee, must find thy fair countenance bright.

And so will my shade be content; if thy tresses
 Be disheveled and wan be thy face, he will mourn.
 But let's love and be loved, while kindly fate blesses,
 Ere long cometh death clad in shadows *forlorn*.

Edward J. Russell.

SMITH.

I TELL this tale as I would have told it had things been what they seemed. I beg you to remember this as you read, and I will explain later.

My friend Smith was musical and artistic in his tendencies, and as I was a great chum of his, and roomed next door to him, I had the full benefit of them all. In saying that Smith was musical in his tendencies, I say nothing of his capabilities, for I am no judge. Smith thought himself a Paderewski in disguise, and on one occasion as much as said so. But, as Publius Laurentius said, it was "blame good disguise."

Smith's room was a wonderful place. The walls were decorated with all sorts of artistic marvels, from a bit of water-colour to a huge, bronze-framed engraving of an English landscape. Bits of bric-à-brac lay around everywhere, and filled every available corner. On the mantel, above the fire-place, were

pictures which he told me were "copies from the old masters." I thought them exceedingly stale.

His sleeping apartment was a cosy alcove, shut off from the rest of the room by heavy curtains. One corner of the room was devoted to his music. An old piano, scratched and battered by much moving, stood by the window. Several guitars, banjos and mandolins lay around promiscuously. His instruments must have cost him a small fortune. The piano was covered with loose sheets of music, and the tously head of some great musician was framed on the wall behind it. Some one of Smith's instruments was sure to be going all the time, but most frequently the piano, as it was his favourite. He told me once that he believed it was the only legitimate instrument of music. Which statement was quite beyond me.

Smith was a nice enough fellow, as fellows go. He was jolly, good looking, bright—possessed, in fact, all the qualities of a popular man. He had his failings, but as a friend of his I dare name none of them. I seemed to take Smith as a matter-of-course when he was around, but when he left town for a day or two, there was an indescribable void in the course of life.

One day he went away to attend what he called a "swagger function" somewhere or other. Words fail to describe the emptiness of that day. No piano—no guitar—no banjo—nothing all day long. The morning was tedious, the afternoon interminable, by night I was wild. I tried to read, but even Mulvaney was dull. About half-past one I decided to go to bed. There was a full moon that night, so I lay with my shutter open. I tried to count the stars in a circle around it. At last I grew drowsy, and drowsier, and drowsier, till I had just fallen into a light doze, when I heard Smith's piano. I sat up in bed and listened.

The piano was giving forth the strangest music I ever heard. It was now a wail, and now a shriek, and now an angry muttering, and now an agonized moan. If you ever read a ghost story where the ghost played the piano, you may have a slight idea what it was like. It was a weird—an almost fiendish—medley of all the music I ever heard. There was a great deal that I

didn't recognize, but the "Washington Post" and "High School Cadets" were rendered in a manner that made me shake all over. There was that weird undertone—the wail, the muttering—and every now and then the fierce shriek rose over it all. It seemed as if the piano were possessed.

Naturally, I am a coward. Smith says I'm the biggest coward he ever saw. "Skinner's scared of his own shadow," he told the fellows one day. My hair stood on end, my knees clave one unto the other, my teeth chattered beyond all control. But I have one characteristic which is even stronger than my cowardice. It is a boundless curiosity.

I slipped out of bed, and partially dressed myself. Then my curiosity and cowardice had a terrible struggle. For ten minutes, at least, I stood in the middle of my room with this awful conflict going on within me. At last, curiosity won.

Quietly I stole from my room. There was no one else stirring in entry. I listened at the door of the room for a minute, but could hear nothing but the unearthly music. I never realized before how fearful "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-Ay" could be made. I tried the door. It yielded. Slowly I pushed it open. When I was finally in the room, I turned with an effort toward the piano. The moonlight made the room as light as day. I staggered. I clutched at the wall. I fell on a sofa nearby. For the piano keys were flying at an incredible speed, but there was no one visible in the room.

I do not know how long I lay on the sofa, but, at last, I pulled myself together and sat up. The tension of the moment was tremendous, and the music grew more harrowing every instant. Finally, following some blind impulse, I sprang to my feet and shouted: "Who are you, and what the devil are you doing here?" No answer, but the music softened. It was the "man who broke the bank" just then. Again I shouted: "Tell me who you are or I'll fire this bust of the immortal Will at you." Then the music ceased. There was a gentle rustle through the room, the tend of which was toward the window, which, though I had not noticed it before, was open. The very Old Masters on the mantel seemed to shiver. After that, all

was still for a minute. Then, from outside the window, came a voice such as I hope never to hear again :

"O, mortal," it said, "do not look at me, for you can't see me anyway. I'm dead. Once I was as alive as you, but now I'm dead—dead as a door-nail !"

"Shade of Scrooge," I murmured.

It continued : "Yea, I am what is known in the vulgar parlance of a man as a "ghost," but in one respect I differ from other ghosts—I am never visible to the naked eye. Some men might be tempted to call me a delusion and a snare, but," sternly, "don't you fool yourself !" Then awfully : "I am the ethereal spirit of the music which Smith has so ruthlessly been murdering on this piano for the last three years." Then all was silent.

I said I would explain. I intimated that things were not what they seemed. Well, they weren't. Imagine my feelings when I woke. It *seemed* that my neighbor was Smith, but he is Skinner. It *seemed* that I was Skinner, but I am Smith. I have tried to tell my tale as I would have told it had things been what they seemed.

Frank McDonald.

TWO GLANCES.

SWEET Phyllis' eyes are softest blue,
Within their depths I fain must see
What friendly Cupid's pictured there ;
They say that Phyllis loves but me.

But Silvia's eyes have dusky hue,
I cannot read their shadows dark,
Relentless Cupid spurns my prayer
Nor lights their depths with love's bright spark.

Yet Phyllis' glance had naught of truth,
And shy sweet Sylvia's love is mine ;
Ah, Cupid, thou hast played me false,
Nor think I hence thine art divine.

C. Waldo Cherry.

THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF MISS MUFFET.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
 Eating some curds and whey,
 When along came a spider, who sat down beside 'er,
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

—*Ancient Melodie.*

MISS MUFFET entered the room with as charming an assumption of dignity as the beholder has ever witnessed in one of her youthful appearance and decided smallness of stature. Miss Muffet immediately appropriated as her own a pretty little seat that was neither chair nor ottoman, but partook of the characteristics of both.

"I perceive that Miss Muffet has found her tuffet," said some one beside her.

Miss Muffet looked up and discovered the young man with the eyeglass and the aristocratic air.

"Yes," she replied, with an appreciative little laugh; "how could I do otherwise, when it had all been predicted for me. But only half the prophecy has been fulfilled" (with a roguish glance), "I am waiting for the Spider."

"—And the curds and whey," finished the young man. "Let me bring you some." While he was making his way towards the table, where a pretty young woman was dispensing hospitality by means of dainty china tea set, and active service of attendant swains in frock coats and white ties, Miss Muffet looked around for the Spider. He was there, as Miss Muffet very well knew. But the Spider was in disgrace. They had been friends in the past, but he had offended so greatly that, magnanimous and gentle as we know Miss Muffet's real nature to be, the only mitigation for his crime would have been a prolonged and abject repentance, with eyes and attitude garbed in a metaphorical dress of sackcloth and ashes. Yet the Spider did not seem repentant as he sat talking to the Nice Girl, who took such a sisterly interest in him.

That was the climax of his offence in the eyes of Miss Muffet. That he should deliberately seek pleasure elsewhere; that a genuine smile should be visible on his countenance, when it ought to be plainly evident to all that he was consuming his heart in vain regret for past enormities of conduct, was too much for pardon.

Miss Muffet resolved that henceforth her brain should never more spin thoughts concerning the Spider; and with the laudable intent of freeing her intellect of all cobwebs past manufactured, she turned her attention with such effect on the young man of aristocratic deportment that he was moved to take off his eyeglass that no iota of those glances by any minute refrangibility of lens might escape their final destination.

It was at this critical juncture that the Spider, realizing that conversation with the Nice Girl with sisterly proclivities was not an enduring and all-suffering panacea for the particular complaint under which he labored, left her to the company of another member of the fraternity and turned his long legs in the direction of the tuffet. The aristocratic young man was making another sally on the tea table, presumably so overcome with Miss Muffet's charms that he stood in need of refreshment.

Perhaps Miss Muffet saw the Spider approach. Perhaps she did not. It certainly was an audacious presumption on his part to seat himself so calmly by her side. What did it not take for granted? Certainly friendship—liking—perhaps more, on her part. On his own, ignorance of offence; therefore indifference. Conceit; in thinking her predilection might purchase him quick forgiveness.

Of course the unbiased reader will see that Miss Muffet, in simple justice to her self-respect, could not allow the further continuance of such absurd notions. It is no wonder, then, that the Spider's mute, supplicatory action provoked a question so glacial in tone as to congeal all his joyous emotions.

"May I ask what good fairy has brought me the unasked-for privilege of your company?"

"From your reception of me, it certainly wasn't my good fairy," replied the Spider, calmly.

"Or mine, either," she replied, quickly. "I am quite convinced it was the influence of evil spirits; and as I have never been partial either to their devotion or devotees, I am going to leave you together. If they prove too obstreperous you may get Miss Harriett (the nice girl) to exorcise them for you," after which gracious speech she arose and left the Spider in possession. But the Spider cared nothing for the tuffet after Miss Muffet had left it, and after sadly ruminating for a moment, he too, took his departure.

But the "Spider" was one of that fleet-footed fraternity whom flight at one crisis preserves for future combats. Consequently, as the scent of battle was in his nostrils, he was not discouraged one evening some days later, when he was told that Miss Muffet was "not at home." He had expected that, and was prepared for it. The pretty young woman who had been his hostess on a former occasion came in response to his request.

"She is at home, is she not?" he asked. The kind-hearted lady hesitated a moment. "Yes," she replied, "but she will never see you."

"Cannot you influence her?" he said. "The fact is I want to see her very much. You see [this was his master-stroke], I am going away, and I wanted to bid her good-bye." So pathetic was the tone of this last speech that the eyes of the warm-hearted lady moistened, and she said: "You shall see her if I have to bring her in by force." And she ascended the broad stair-case to some dimly-lit, embowered elysium above, towards whose fair occupant the young man's supplicatory entreaties were directed.

Whether the intendant angel was moved by his prayers, or whether the news of his meditated departure made her gracious to the degree of granting a farewell interview, she soon after appeared.

"You are going away?" she said coldly, after a distant greeting. "Yes," he replied, throwing all the suggestiveness of look and tone into that one word. It said more than longer speech could have done. It declared that she was sending him away;

that his life was ruined ; that he could never love again. Ah ! never had the dictionaries discovered a word capable of so many and subtle meanings as the Spider found in that simple monosyllable of three letters.

"You will return?" after a pause. He analyzed the tone. There was no encouragement in it.

"No, I don't think I shall. Not for several years at least."

"Well," said she, rising, "If you are determined, I can do nothing more but say good-bye."

She stood before him, her hands folded, and smiled coldly. It certainly was not an encouraging attitude.

"Will you not shake hands with me?" holding forth his own. She gave him the tips of her small fingers and said, "good-bye."

"Of course," he said, "I don't suppose you could ever forgive my rude, unkind speech," still holding her hand.

"No," she replied coldly, "I don't think I ever could. Besides, it makes no difference now, since you are going away," and she withdrew her hand.

"But that's just why it does make a difference. It might make me some happier when I am gone, to know that you didn't cherish resentment against me."

"Oh, I don't cherish any resentment," with martyr-like air of magnanimity which would have moved to envious despair all the tortured saints of the past.

"You are an angel." "Yes (with tragic mien) my offence is truly past pardon."

The angel showed faint signs of forgiveness. But her eyes strove still to remain hard and her lips firm as she said, "Yes, you called me a mere butterfly."

"I did," he granted, abjectly.

"It is true," with faint signs of remorse, "I said I would rather be a butterfly than a horrid old spider. But then you had no right to get angry. You admit that."

"Oh, yes," abjectly, "anyone with common sense would prefer being called a spider to a butterfly."

"But I don't think so," she said.

"Oh, I know you are trying out of the kindness of your angelic nature to mitigate my offence at the expense of your own."

"I am not," irascibly.

"But I am sure I would rather be called a horrid old spider a thousand times than a butterfly once," said the Spider.

"You would?"

"Yes indeed."

"And you think a butterfly is worse than a spider?"

"Certainly," with conviction.

"There! I knew when you called me a butterfly that there was some deep mysterious significance in your meaning. If you think I can be insulted with impunity you are mistaken. You may go away as far as ever you like," and Miss Muffet, in the tragic scope of her glance, took in a boundless expanse of unexplored universe whither the unhappy spider might wander forever, unwept and unforgiven.

"Then you will not forget this foolish quarrel," he said, after a pause.

"Never," said Miss Muffet. But a keen listener might have discovered a slight wavering of tone which indicated an expectation of further entreaty at least.

But the Spider did not hear it. Slowly and sadly he turned and walked towards the door. He could not see the sudden change in Miss Muffet's countenance. What a pity. He would go away without that forgiveness that could alone render his future sad existence bearable.

"But no?" a faint, half-spoken, half-whispered word, so piteous, so humble in its entreaty reached him. "Jack!"

Who could it have been? Certainly not the inexorable and hard-hearted Miss Muffet. Perhaps his good fairy come at last. At any rate he turned. A glad light chased away the melancholy from his face. He advanced towards Miss Muffet.

Of course he was labouring under a mistake, but we will not undeceive him.

* * * * *

Miss Muffet sits once more upon the tuffet, with the Spider close by. Truly would our estimable feathered poetess have been chagrined could she have seen the air of mutual understanding and goodwill subsisting between these two quondam foes.

"There is one fact about that ancient 'tuffet' episode which was never chronicled," said the Spider, looking with humourous thoughtfulness towards Miss Muffet.

"Was there, indeed," she replied. "I thought it had proved a singularly authentic narrative, up to date."

"Yes," he replied, "but the fact still remains that Miss Muffet came back."

C. Waldo Cherry.

EDITORIAL.

WE DESIRE to express our obligations to Mr. Parrott, '88, and Mr. Williams, '92, for kindly acting as judges in the LIT. Story Contest. The prize is awarded to Mr. Howard White, of the Junior Class.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the April LIT. are due April 1st, 1894.

BEGINNING with the present number, it has been decided to copyright the LIT. now and hereafter. While most of the undergraduate work of a college magazine is not of such a permanent or valuable character that its authors are anxious to preserve the exclusive right to its possible republication, yet it may serve as an additional incentive to serious work if a man is enabled to publish an article while in college without thereby losing all title to the same. Of course the copyright is for the exclusive benefit of the writers of the articles published.

We have no objection to our college exchanges continuing to quote from LIT. articles *in extenso*, but in reproducing copyright articles the fact that they are quoted by permission should, of course, be stated.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IT HAS been decided to merge the Contributors' Club and the first part of the magazine—the Literary Department, so called—so that both shall run in together to make up the main part of the magazine. This change has been contemplated for some time, but we have deferred making it in order to give the

experiment begun by '92 an adequate trial. After two years' continuance it seems that there is hardly sufficient reason for drawing a hard and fast line and dividing the magazine by an artificial division. The MSS. that are submitted for the Contributors' are equally available in the front part, and *vice versa*. The line cannot be drawn on the basis of length, as there are often not sufficient short sketches to make up a department; besides which it is a question whether such articles are not more attractive when scattered through the magazine.

We shall be glad to receive contributions of the lighter sort, for which the Contributors' Club was established, and communications on topics of current or permanent interest. The Contributors' Club is not abolished, but the two departments are merged in one. The change begins with this number, and there will be two literary editors, one having charge of fiction and the other of essays and poetry.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

I.

REALISM in fiction has met with many discouragements. On the one hand the object of fierce and passionate attacks, and on the other defended oftentimes in a way that repels, it is hard to discover whether Realism has suffered most from its friends or from its enemies. Men declaim against realism as "gross," as "material," and make severe demands on the adjectives of our language in order to express their horror of this "vile realism." All this is, in a way, very amusing, for if realism is "vile" life is "vile," and if realism is "gross" life is "gross." The realist does not accentuate the evil of society nor make it appear more fundamental than it is, for if he did he would cease to be a realist.

No less curious is the attempt made by certain modern writers to define the nature and limits of realism, and quietly rule out all that does not conform to their particular definition. One of

the most delicious morsels of absurdity ever written is found in Zola's famous essay on the Experimental Novel. The reader's first reflection is that he has stumbled upon an exquisite bit of satire, so carefully and artistically written as to preserve all the appearance of sincerity. We seriously question whether a grown man could read this essay through without laughing. But it seems that Zola means to be taken seriously, and actually believes, or thinks that he believes, what he has there written. His countrymen, in all seriousness, compose elaborate replies, and others, with a woefully deficient sense of humour, are proud to be known as his disciples. Listen to these words of Zola's and try to imagine them seriously spoken :

"We should operate upon the characters, passions and actions of men and of society, just as the chemist and the physician operate upon inorganic bodies, or the physiologist upon living bodies. Determinism governs everything. It is scientific investigation, it is experimental reasoning, which combats one by one idealistic theories, and which is replacing the romance of pure imagination by the romance of observation and experiment."*

What in the world is the "Romance of experiment"? We know well enough what is meant by a romance of observation, but "Experimental romance!" What is this? The author states that the novelist should experiment upon the thoughts and passions of men and women, as the chemist experiments on nitrogen and oxygen. Just as experiment is infinitely more satisfactory to science than observation, for the reason that, in experimenting, we can control the conditions, so, in the romance, is experiment to take the place of observation. "Determinism governs everything" is simply a paraphrase of what modern science knows as the law of universal causation.

This is amusing; but the most amusing part of it is that it is spoken in sober earnest. Of course if Zola had the faintest glimmering conception of the meaning of the terms he uses so glibly he would never have been guilty of the sublimely ridiculous *Roman Experimental*. No one with the least smat-

* "Le Roman Experimental," page 16.

tering of the scientific conception of causation would speak thus of the use of the experimental method. The method of observation is open to the novelist, and it is the great and lasting contribution of realism to fiction that it has emphasized the value of observation and has insisted upon its use. Observation is as necessary in fiction as it is in painting, and by observation we may once in a while learn something of those laws the sum of which Zola has termed "determinism." But the "experimental" method is the one method from the use of which we are absolutely debarred.

For in the novel we cannot, as we can in chemistry, and to a certain extent in physiology, make the conditions we wish to observe. We may observe the phenomena about us, but human ingenuity has never devised a plan whereby we may reproduce the phenomena, and it probably never will. We cannot fall in love, to see what the sensation is like; we cannot bring a woman to commit suicide to discover her husband's resulting mental states. The things that make the romance of life are forces utterly beyond our control; we may observe and make use of the recorded observations of others, but "experiment" we cannot. A man who makes such free use of scientific terms ought to know that it is simply impossible to produce a given *milieu* of such highly-wrought complexity as the very simplest human passion. Would Zola maintain, without a smile, that he himself has ever made the slightest approach to the use of the "experimental method"? In order to write *La Débâcle*, should he have made, by "experiment," a Napoleon III, and constructed "experimentally" a German Confederation, and "experimentally" brought sixty millions of people into a warlike frame of mind, as the chemist brings oxygen and hydrogen together in the presence of an electric spark? Suppose we were to lay an "experimental" foundation for *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*? Probably M. Zola has spent considerable time and labour in investigating, and perhaps in "experimenting" upon, certain particular aspects of life, and then, deceived by the jingle of a phrase of whose meaning he has evidently not the slightest conception, he writes thus glibly of the "experimental romance,"

and perpetrates fifty-three brilliant pages of as exquisite nonsense as ever delighted mankind.*

Of course, what Zola would have said if he had stopped to think was that the novel should be founded on observation of actual men and women, and not upon a series of *a priori* conceptions. This is what the realists are doing their best to teach, but it needs no ghost, and no Zola, to tell us that. Thackeray was, perhaps, the greatest realist that ever lived, but he did not cry on the house-tops, "Behold, I am a Realist! Behold, that which the Gods have denied to all mortals now finds voice and utterance in my tongue! Behold, I have found the philosophers' stone!" Thackeray knew very well that there had been brave men before Agamemnon, and that there had been realists long before he was born. The realist is right in saying that all the romance, all the pathos, all the poetry of life lies round about us and at our door. This is nothing new, but it is so valuable, and means so much to art, that in order to have it kept persistently before us, we can almost be reconciled to Mr. Howells wasting his great talents and throwing himself away in his passionate devotion to a Fact. Mr. Howells, in short, is a martyr, and sacrifices himself to a cause. In order to show the world that reality is richer than moonshine he has devoted his whole life to an attempted picture of a very, very little piece of Reality, and has perforce shut his eyes to much that was beautiful and good, and which was real, but which he dared not touch because men might not know that it was real. Mr. Howells has thrown the world away for the sake of a little Truth. The next generation will receive the Truth and be saved the sacrifice, just as the Chinese were described as at first burning down their houses in order to roast a pig, until they discovered that it was quite possible to have both house and pig at the same time.

*A recent review of the English translation of Zola's work seems to intimate that Zola's meaning is that the novelist's "experiments" are *mental* experiments, performed upon his own fictitious characters. If this be Zola's position, its absurdity is still more manifest. Imagine a chemist or physiologist performing experiments, not on actually existing inorganic or living bodies, but upon fictitious or supposititious substances, with fictitious instruments and under fictitious conditions! To call such nonsense "scientific" ought to make the walls of the *Collège de France* tremble with mortification.

The question is not "Whence shall we derive our characters, our situation and our plot?" From life, says the realist, and here he is hopelessly right. But the real question is, "What shall we do with them after we have found them?" "Paint them just as they are," says the realist; "simply show us a cross-section of the current of life," and here he is hopelessly wrong. He is hopelessly wrong because he forgets that the novel is first and always a work of art, and has no other excuse for being. We do want a picture of life, exact and faithful to the last detail, but we do not go to the novel to find it. We go to the club, on the street, on the exchange and in the court-room. If we want all this in printed form we go to the newspaper and not to the novel. A good space reporter will give us as vivid a picture of life as the best novelist that ever lived; he will know just how to use light and shade, in what order to arrange his facts, what circumstances to emphasize and what to omit. Take up a Sunday newspaper, and you will be very apt to find descriptions and accounts, "cross-sections of the current of life," as vivid, as realistic, and bringing the whole scene as clearly before you as anything that Balzac ever wrote. Now, so far as this newspaper skill goes, it is *scientific*, and not in the slightest degree *artistic*. The reporter's account of a murder, a wedding, or a cock-fight, is vivid and real because he reproduces in the reader *his own psychological experience on the happening of the event*. The great psychological functions of attention, of interest and of habit, determine infallibly the proportions and relations of the parts of his story, and there the reporter is wiser than the realist, for the realist does not discriminate so justly, but gives details irrespective of their psychological weight. And it is just at this point that the realist makes his fatal mistake; granted that we need this faithful delineation of life, it is an entirely unwarranted assumption to say that this is the whole of fiction. Not only is it not the whole; it is a very small part. A few years ago there was a very popular exhibition known as the cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg. This consisted of a huge painting on the interior of an enormous dome-shaped

building, representing the battle at the critical moment of Pickett's charge. Accessories and properties were built up around the canvas so as to complete the illusion, and so nicely were the solid figures joined with the figures on the canvas that it was impossible to distinguish the dividing line, or to tell whether a given object were real or painted. In short, the work was a triumph of realism, such as the ultra-realistic novel aims to be.

Such is Realism, pure and simple. Is this all? In the *salon carré* at the Louvre is Murillo's Immaculate Conception; no one ever mistook its figures for real objects, yet who would not give for it a thousand Gettysburg cycloramas? A fifty-cent lithograph will give a more "realistic" picture of a locomotive than Turner's "Rain, Steam and Speed;" yet who would mention the lithograph in the same breath. So it is in fiction. We care for *Pendennis* and Clive Newcome not because they are "lifelike." You may walk up Park Row in New York, or along Fleet Street in London, and meet a dozen men in half an hour who can paint characters as lifelike and scenes as vivid as any that Thackeray ever drew; yet we throw the newspaper into the fire, but keep *Pendennis* until the covers are worn loose and we have to buy a new edition, with wide margins and Thackeray's own illustrations.

Clearly, then, over and above accuracy of detail, over and above minute and careful observation, there is in fiction as there is in painting, something essentially spiritual that makes it a work of Art. It is only by regarding Romance as a production of Art, and by resolutely insisting upon *l'art pour l'art*—art for art's sake—that we shall arrive at any adequate conception of what fiction is, or of what it should always aim to be. We think that the existence of this distinct art factor has been clearly enough pointed out, and here we take leave of the subject, postponing the discussion of the nature and character of this art factor until next month.

THE INCREASE OF LUXURY IN COLLEGE LIFE.

THE action of the Junior Promenade Committee in auctioning off private boxes at a minimum price of twenty-five dollars is representative of some changes that seem to be coming over college life. The committee undoubtedly did a very wise and judicious thing, and their action will add to the pleasure of the dance. We therefore take this instance, not in the slightest spirit of criticism, but because it is typical of a great many things that seem indispensable to us, but which our fathers and elder brothers managed to get along very well without.

This is said in no pessimistic tone. We believe that the modern college is a better place than it ever was before; that its atmosphere and influence and associations were never so good as now; but there are one or two tendencies that we do not altogether like, and this is one of them. Metropolitan life has increased the expense of living and made things necessary that were not necessary before. The more civilized men become the more dependent they seem upon something outside of themselves. The Englishman cannot enjoy country life without a retinue of servants. It would break his heart to black his own boots, and it is becoming more and more distasteful to the New Yorker to do so. We do not object to this; it is pleasanter to have one's boots blacked by someone else, and to have a small boy carry one's valise; yet the fact remains that the men who have made our country great, the men whose ability and character have moved the world, have been for the most part men who were very glad to black their own boots, men oftentimes who never rode on a passenger elevator, and who never saw the inside of a Pullman car. We think that these things are necessary; Abraham Lincoln never felt their want; Emerson did very well without most of them. We think that we must travel, if only for a few hundred miles; yet when Emanuel Kant published the "Critique of Pure Reason" the greatest minds of Europe were started thinking, and have been kept thinking ever since, by a man who never in his life went thirty miles from home. As

small boys we used to be given a holiday, and would take in that never-ending wonder, the circus, and pass a day of unalloyed happiness with no further means of subsistence than a piece of ginger-bread and a bag of peanuts, and with no more surplus wealth than a circus ticket and ten cents in cash. Do we enjoy our holidays now, with their elaborate equipment, any better than we did in the circus days?

In the same way the college student has been enabled to live a happy, Arcadian kind of life, without any of those "necessaries" that later years demand. He has gone without them, often because they were impossible in a country town. Modern life seems to be making for itself more and more necessities every year; the colleges seemed almost the last strongholds outside of the back-country districts, and now it seems that the colleges are being invaded. "Plain living with high thinking" is, we are afraid, becoming rarer and rarer. Many of our colleges are putting up dormitories provided with all the luxuries of the best-equipped bachelor's apartments. This is, we must confess, very agreeable, and fine rooms add to the pleasantness of life, but Lowell and Hawthorne went through college without ever dreaming of a private servant or even a janitor to make the fire. The tendency is here; we cannot help it; but let us keep it out of college as long as we can. Let the man with money to throw away continue to meet the hard-faced student whose parents are pinching and denying themselves that he may go through college, and don't let the difference become more strongly marked. "Plain living with high thinking" is a very good horse to ride, and it has carried most of our graduates who have brought to their college the larger honour and the full measure of success. Every new "necessity" makes us more helpless. We cannot prevent it in the long run, but we can keep it down in the college, and, at the sacrifice of a little comfort and a little convenience, maintain the glorious independence of the man who, with broad sympathies and richness of soul, beyond his home has no "necessities" except good health, a few books and a few friends.

GOSSIP.

"Come, gentle Spring!"

—*Thompson.*

"For many heroes, bold and brave,
From lands both far and near,
And those that sip of Adam's Faust,
And those that drink bock beer."

—*John Anderson (adapted).*

"When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

—*John Ball.*

WELL, gentle Spring is here. Notwithstanding all weather reports in the daily papers, the Gossip is quite sure of it. There are many harbingers and proofs. In the first place, the Gossip himself feels lazy. In the second, the poet of the Lrr. Board just come in with excited and quite thrilling accounts of the balmy quality of the air, and the loveliness of the budding twigs on the trees, and the song of a blue bird. Then, lastly, the Gossip has descried Sportner hastening down Naseau street, toward the west end of the town. His eyes were beaming and on his face was a broad and happy grin. His usual shambling and blasé walk had fairly turned into a run, and in his ecstasy and enthusiasm he was shouting to himself, oblivious of the alarmed looks of the passers-by, "Bock Beer! Bock Beer!"

These are the days which please men's souls—when Seniors spin their tops and shoot their marbles; when the campus, after luncheon, springs to life, and Johnnie Degan ushers away old-clothes men amid the echoing cheers and plaudits of a most-enthusiastic audience. It is just warm enough to let you drowsily bask in the sun on the steps of Reunion, or, if you are specially energetic, you can make your way down through the oozing and ever-changeable brick walks on William's road, by the mud-engulfed Varsity gate, to watch the Nine practice in the cage. Then, when you have become weary with dodging for your life the wild and erratic throws of some ambitious Freshman, you can pick out a comfortable corner in the furnace-room and have a chat with grand old Peter. You can feel his muscles and his iron, old arm, and if "you're a good boy" and an "old friend" perhaps he'll go through the cavalry drill for you, with its "head erect, shoulders square" and its "one, two, three, four—one, two, three, four," and always a stamp at the end. And when you've no three o'clock recitation, or no lectures to grind, you can simply sit still and listen, and away you'll go back, far from furnace and coal-

bins, field-house and base-ball championships, to the Crimes and Balaklava days, and you'll see the charge better than Tennyson can show—with all the big Russians and blue-breeched little Frenchman, and the jolly messmates, and the horrors of the sultry heat. For he's a rare good talker—old Peter—so "here's to 'em and the shamrock," as he would have you to say.

The Gossip the other day was dusting and cleaning his book shelves. He was seated on the floor in his shirt sleeves, surrounded by piles of old and very dusty volumes. Among the torn and paper-covered novels, among dilapidated Gronietrus, and Ciceros, and Ovids, down on the lowest shelf rested a battered, and well-worn, and stained old copy of Lucian. The Gossip carelessly opened the book. Behold, every page was thumbed and marked, and was black with cribs and under-writings. Oh, the agony hidden in those beautiful old Greek lines! Every mark of the pencil brought back Sophomore year, and the class in Greek, and the sunny, hot days of Spring, with the blue sky through the windows. And there were the stained, white walls of the lecture-room, with its pictures of the Acropolis, and of the fawn of Satyr, with the huge, thick lips, seated on a stone, and always an object of wonderment. How big that elective was, and the struggles we had in finding and procuring a translation! Trenton, and New York, and Philadelphia, were all ransacked and searched from store to store, one enterprising youth even sent to San Francisco, and at last the only appropriate horse in the world was found in Dublin. There were the mass meetings, held and attended by the whole elective, and the collections for transporting that important stud, and the anxiety for its arrival, and then it did arrive but it was just one week too late for examination. The Gossip sat on his floor and turned the pages—Charon, with his brass obols and old swearing; honest, shaggy-haired Timon, and the Coch, and Hernees and all the rest arose before him; and then again came back things which were not on the pages. He remembered a certain hot day in June, with fifteen men arrayed in their shirt sleeves, seated in a circle, and polling and grinding for that terrible Exam. Some in that room have long since gone—perhaps urged and hurried because of those same obstinate Greek words, some have drifted with other friends, and some the Gossip never sees. But many there are that that very terror helped to bind. How bitter, and yet how sweet are past worries and griefs—but the bitterness is lost in the laughter of after-time, and the sweetness is never forgotten. And so the moral of all this is, the Gossip thinks, that the good old books, like the good old songs, should never be thrown away.

Once again, some weeks ago, the Gossip's old friend, Sportner, dropped into the sanctum. It was snowing outside and Sportner was arrayed in his usual striking, stormy-day costume, with a gray felt hat pulled down over his eyes, an old dilapidated Varsity sweater and a black leather coat, with a faded though still very brilliant red lining. Besides, he wore a pair of sadly spotted corduroy breeches, whose bottoms were care-

fully tucked in at the tops of his shoes. It was late in the afternoon when Sportner came in. In the half twilight, the curtains of the L.R. room had been dropped to the floor, and the Gossip was huddled close to the window in a vain attempt to light the dim pages of a book which he had been exhorted to review. Sportner, without a word, dragged up a chair, and leaning forward, with his elbows resting upon his knees, proceeded to stare out into the snow and the storm. Outside all was pure white, the fading daylight was too feeble to cause shadows on the endless snow, and the clinging ice turned the trees to dullish silver. The bell of Old North, as it struck five o'clock, sounded low and hoarse, as if it had caught a cold and a very sore throat in the wet, and the students hurrying along the paths, walked muffled and noiselessly to the last recitation, and looked like so many bundled phantoms, moving in the growing darkness.

"So you know," Sportner said, slowly leaning back, after a few moments' thought, "I like stormy days; they remind me of old-time Princeton. When it rains or snows, the fellows all come out in their old corduroys, and togs, and tarpaulin coats, and sweaters, instead of the stiff hats and collars which have become the fashion in these days. I may be a grumbler and all that, but say what you will, times are not what they were. In our Freshman year, a man would have been ashamed to have worn a derby hat upon the campus, even on a Sunday, unless it had the crown dented in by way of apology, and now, week days as well, you can't count the stiff black things, and at church—why there were only two men in all our section of chapel who have worn caps this whole year. Two weeks ago the other fellow came out in a new derby, so, last Sunday, I had to go and follow suit, though I did give the thing a good punching in at the top before I started.

Sportner mused philosophically for a moment and then added sadly: "Yes, I suppose it's the same old story of women at the bottom of all things—the New Inn brings out the girls and the girls bring out the derby hats—though you can't blame them.

Perhaps we did appear shabby in the old days, and old clothes were no virtue after all, but, at least, they were democratic, and men were not accustomed to sit in church or walk the walks as if they were on exhibition. "And do you know," he exclaimed, "I actually believe men will begin to be elected to our big social clubs because they wear good coats and creased trousers," and poor Sportner grew quite excited and stamped his foot on the floor in indignation. "If this goes on," he added dolefully, "I don't know what will become of us."

Again overcome with the miserable hopelessness of the idea, he lapsed into silence. Suddenly he started up, as if a wholly new and brilliant thought had come upon him. "Yes," he cried, "they're right; clothes are necessary. Imagine Princeton situated in the Garden of Eden, instead of central New Jersey! Why, in the plain array and simple fashions of fig leaves, one with all his earnest might could hardly have

distinguished milords the dukes from the Rubes and the Muckers. Doubtless, however, some enterprising social hero could have cornered the market in peculiar and lively-hued species of figs, and they would have become the insignia of the well-dressed, instead of the imported London tees and cover-coats. But, say what you will, the blue-bloods and the men of family pride would have had a hard time. How distressing to them, that nobody could have traced his race further back than Adam, and that reckoning, twisting and computing would only have amounted to, at the very utmost, some few and paltry fifty years!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."—*Hamlet*.

"I cannot impress upon you too strongly, my dear boy, how needful it is for a Gentleman at Court to be familiar with all the polite journals of the day. I would not have you seen with *Truth or Town Topics* upon your table; but the great magazines, the *Litt.* and the monthlies, should be at your Fingers' Ends. I send you a case of Annheuser Busch; it is passing good, but there is no rebate on the bottles. Strive always, my boy, to cultivate the lesser virtues, the graces and accomplishments of Princes and Men of the World, but shun Editors, for they are not to be endured."—*Chesterfield's Letters to His Son*.

THE Table rose bodily in the sanctum the other day (which was a very peculiar thing for a self-respecting table to do), shook off the dust that had excited the Gossip's sarcasm, and prepared to go out West. He dropped around to see One of the Other Editors before he left, and casually remarked that he was going away, and asked the Other Editor to see that his place was not left vacant this month.

So the Other Editor trotted around to see if the Gossip had any suggestions to make, but the Gossip was busy digging plantains out of the base-ball field on the 'Varsity grounds. So the Other Editor entered the sanctum, put his feet upon Another Table, and envied the Real Table, who was speeding across the prairie at the rate of ever so many miles an hour.

The Other Editor has never been out West. He is a tenderfoot. Some day he hopes to go. He looked about the room and wished that he could visit the homes of the Exchanges; he would like to see the original of the pine tree on the cover of the *Dartmouth Lit.* He would like to drop in on the *Amherst Student*, or wander among the ancient cloisters of the University of Virginia.

The Other Editor had a Visiting Friend here last week. This Friend was the first Editor of the *Harvard Advocate*, 'way back in the sixties. It was an exciting occupation, running a paper at Harvard in those days—almost as exciting as it used to be here to get out the old Nassau Rake, an institution now happily defunct. But the *Harvard Advocate* showed that it had come to stay. We like the *Advocate*; only it does seem to us rather boyish to publish some of those *risqué* French stories of the kind that the Freshmen buy on the train and hold up high when they read them, so that everyone can see how real nice and sporty they are. Freshmen are a godsend to the publishers of *Truth*.

What a vast amount of entertainment and suggestiveness and playful good-humour lies within the pages of those exchanges! The Other Editor navigated among the piles of magazines and weeklies and dailies

whither the Real Table had consigned them. First he fished out the *Amherst Lit.* for February, and read Ernest M. Bartlett's paper on Rudyard Kipling right through from beginning to end, and it was worth it, for a discriminating article on the work of our newly-acquired citizen is becoming a rare bird in the land. Imagine, however, the thrill of delight with which the Other Editor saw his old friend Eugene Field brought before New England in Frank Harkness' paper in the same magazine. Mr. Harkness says that Mr. Field is in his happiest vein in his poems of children. Has Mr. Harkness forgotten his paraphrases of Horace, and "When I Was Broke in London, in the Fall of '89?" and "The Large Cold Bottle and the Small Hot Bird," and "The Clink of the Ice in the Pitcher that Cometh Along the Hall?" These are not children's poems, but they are jewels of the first water. Chicago has much to be forgiven, but we think we could forgive the rest of Chicago for the sake of Eugene Field.

Some new faces appear in the Editorial insignia of the magazines and papers. The '94 *Yale Lit.* board is about to step down and out. They gave us a good magazine last year, and the February number is about as readable a book from beginning to end as the year has brought forth. The little paper by Chauncey Wetmore Wells on Edwin Booth, if we make allowance for its indiscriminate eulogy, comes as an interesting record of the stage. We notice that Mr. Raymond Sanford White is one of the Editors of the *Yale Lit.* for the coming year. Mr. White's clever work on the *Record* and *Courant* has supplemented a charming series of sketches in the *Lit.* during the past twelve months. In fact the names of all the '95 board give promise of as good a volume next year.

One of the very best magazines that come every month is our new acquaintance, the *Columbia Literary Monthly*. This bright magazine seems to have started its existence with the inherited experience of the older college publications. You may take the *Columbia Lit.* with you on a railroad train and you will be very likely to neglect to observe the passing landscape on your journey. There is an excellent little sketch in the last number by Clarence R. Freeman, which he calls "How to Visit Chinatown." "A Confidential Story, by M. H.," is a trifle, and not half bad.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* keeps up its high standard of work. There are no editorials that we enjoy more than these. In the last number "O. W. L." has handled a very dangerous form of *fin de siècle* writing, and has not burnt his fingers. His "Aphorisms" are as bright as a tide-water sky in June.

"The more politely," he says, "you treat an angry man the more convinced he is that you are trying to insult him, and the more satisfied are the bystanders that you are trying to avoid a fight."

"If the florist, on being paid for the floral tribute you sent to your friend's funeral, politely expresses the hope that you will favor him with similar orders again, take not his bull amiss. It

seems as necessary to him that friends should die as it seems unnecessary to you that florists should live."

Martin Saxe is making a good magazine in his new monthly, the *Connoisseur*. The *Williams Lit.* has an unusual number of good sketches. There is a ballade by "E. R. W." which runs as follows:

BALLADE OF THE DRAGON IN THE SCREEN.

Here is a Japanese screen,
The trees are a riot of red,
The ground is most garishly green,
The sky is deep black overhead.
A dragon most awful and dread,
Whose scales are of glittering gold,
All worked in a triumph of thread,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

Great storks that are lengthy and lean,
With wings that are wondrously spread,
Are floating blue rivers between,
By emotional fantasies led.
What far-away fancy has bred,
These things so aesthetically bold,
With what diets they must have been fed?
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

In the corner sedately serene,
It has watched thro' the library tread
Young Anna, and Bess, and Pauline,
—The latter are happily wed—
But the dragon was seemingly dead,
What it heard it has never unrolled,
But Sphinx-like was silent instead,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

L'ENVOI.

And I, too, with Anna have sped,
To this safe retreat, and I've told—
But the dragon heard all that was said,
Ah, could it its secrets unfold!

This is musical and is struck in a happy vein. But we select it for criticism because it is typical of a great many attempts at versifying in the French forms. The writer has kept the structure of the *ballade*, but the refrain, "Ah, could it its secrets unfold!" serves merely as an interjection thrown in at the end of each stanza; it has in no case an organic and integral connection with the preceding lines. Now the secret of the *ballade* and the other French forms is that the refrain is brought in in a new construction each time; a turn of the verse just before enables it to be introduced as a pleasant half-surprise, and it greets us with the charm of an old friend. There is no mistake into which amateurs more frequently fall than to suppose that the *ballade*, *rondeau*, etc., are purely mechanical, and that the end may be obtained

by tacking on a recurring refrain at proper intervals. As an example of a more faithful rendering of the spirit of the French form of verse, read Albert Sargent Davis' rondeau in the *Yale Courant*; the spirit, tone and colouring of this rondeau are not nearly so good as those of the *ballade* of "E. R. W.," but the handling of the mechanism is so much better (with the exception of the unpardonable rhyme of "light" and "delight") that we should call this a true rondeau, while "The Dragon in the Screen" is hardly a true *ballade*.

I DREAM OF FLO.

RONDEAU.

(To Order.)

I dream of Flo, and memory fleeting light,
Calls up the happy bygone days to-night,
The scent of lavender is faint in air
(Ah, well-remembered flowers she loved to wear),
My senses float afar in rapt delight.

How can I e'er forget that summer night!
'Tis not because her black eyes shone so bright,
Nor is it for the witchery in her hair,
I dream of Flo.

She promised me a cushion well bedight
With ruffles blue, and I, O luckless wight,
Must send to her—she said, exchange is fair—
My college pin in gold. Her cushion's where
With half-closed eyes I lie. Is't not aright
I dream of Flo?

It seems to the Other Editor that the jarring note in the essays found in the college magazines lies in the fact that they are run too much in the old, old ruts. One of Napoleon's maxims was, "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*" Can't we have a little more audacity, a little more suggestiveness, a little more branching out along original lines, involving original work, and an original point of view? Perhaps the best essay of the month, judged by this standard, is Harold Dexter Hazeltine's article in the *Brown Magazine* on "Matthew Arnold and Art of Criticism." We do not know whether Mr. Hazeltine is related to M. W. Hazeltine, the able critic of the *Sunday Sun*, but he knows how to handle these subjects in a way that recalls the master-hand of "M. W. H."

The Other Editor has not that unbounded intellectual admiration for womankind that the Real Table possesses. But in spending a pleasant hour or two (repeated a great many times) in the world of the college press, he confesses quite frankly that for strong, earnest work, persistent improvement and a continuing standard of literary excellence, the magazines from the women's colleges are among the very best we have. There are no three college magazines in the country whose combined excellence surpasses that of the *Wellesley Magazine*, the *Vassar Miscellany*

and the new monthly magazine at Smith College. With the exception of the *Harvard Monthly* and the *Brown Magazine*, which are equally good, but no better, the *Wellesley Magazine* has the finest typographical and artistic make-up of any college magazine in the country. The February number is one long and affectionate tribute to the late Miss Shafer, president of the college. This touching and eloquent memorial is worthy of the great and good woman whose death has been such a blow to our sister institution. The leading article in the *Vassar Miscellany* for February is an interesting paper by Miss E. K. Adams, '93, on "Our Modern 'Dead-Level,'" a rather hackneyed subject, but treated in by no means a hackneyed style.

The new magazine at Smith has kept right up to the high standard set last year. The work done on this magazine has been of a high order from the very first. The Other Editor remembers yet the charming sketch, "My Freshman," by Miss Bertha Alice Waters, which appeared in the first number. A short little article on "The Fair (By One Who Did Not Go)," by Miss Alice M. Richards, in the same magazine, was one of those delightful bits of persiflage that those-who-did-not-go know how to enjoy. Miss Richards' Sketch, "Two Sisters," showed decided power along a more serious line. We shall be disappointed if we do not have more work from Miss Richards' pen. The little that has been published gives promise of a talent and a certain vividness of description and power of the transforming imagination that is as rare as it is welcome. We hope that the author will not stop writing with her work in the Smith magazine.

The Other Editor stepped out from the sanctum, and heard the birds in the trees proclaiming the return of spring. The Gossip had come back from the 'Varsity grounds, with a basket of plantains on his arm and a trowel in his hand. The Other Editor had had a long journey, out among the colleges and far away. He came to the conclusion, as he had been spared the smoke, and the noise, and the book-vender, and all the discomforts of physical travel, that he had nevertheless had quite a little journey of his own, and he didn't envy the Real Table so much after all.

Then it occurred to him that he had his own department to look after besides. When he realized this he asked the Contributors' Club Editor to come in and do some strong talking for him.

BOOK TALK.

"The [author's] public is composed of groups crying 'Amuse me; make me sad; make me weep * * *.' There are only a few chosen spirits who say to the artist, 'Make me something beautiful, and make it in the form which suits you best' "

—*Guy De Maupassant.*

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, who have so long published the works of the best of our great New England writers, have lately added to their library a new edition of the poetical works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* This edition, known as the "Cambridge Edition," is gotten up in such handsome and substantial form that the Critic feels like uttering more than a passing word of praise. The editor, Mr. H. E. Scudder, opens the volume with an introduction into which he weaves considerable literary criticism. His arrangement of the poems is also admirable, while the appendix, besides copious notes, contains Mr. Longfellow's juvenile poems and a chronological list of all his poetic work. Nor should we forget the favourite portrait of the poet admirably reproduced in steel, nor the title-page engraving of Mr. Longfellow's home in Cambridge. Undoubtedly the really finest edition of Longfellow's poetry is found in the Riverside Edition of the same publishers, and prepared by the same editor. Yet the publication of a less costly edition is one of the most happy tendencies of the time, for the works of great masters are put within the means of a larger and larger class of readers. And to such a class, and to all who desire Mr. Longfellow's poems complete in one volume, this new and handsome edition will certainly appeal.

* * * * *

"Builders of American Literature"† is the comprehensive title of a new work by Prof. Francis Underwood, intended by the author to take the place of and supplement his Handbook of American Authors published twenty years ago. The historical introduction which precedes the individual chapters on American authors is an accurate and excellent essay on the growth, nature and results of American literature. But we are surprised that Mr. Underwood, who is an American and who has written several novels of American life, should take so pessimistic a view of the future of our country's literature. It is to be confessed that the present tendencies towards imitation and euphuism have in them much to condemn. But it is too large a statement to declare this spirit universal. Common-sense and a true literary taste of the American people

* "The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Cambridge Edition. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

† "Builders of American Literature." By Prof. Francis Underwood. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

will in time eliminate these tendencies and supplant them with a pure original growth.

Prof. Underwood discusses one hundred and fifteen "builders" in his small volume. The space he allows himself for each is too small to allow full justice to be done all. Of necessity the sketches are brief, biographical and tabulative, with little or any comment or criticism. Among the authors dealt with are Jonathan Edwards, Alexander Hamilton and George William Boker, names familiar to us through association and tradition. As a class or hand-book this work will be valuable, because in brief space it epitomizes so large an amount of information. In the selection of his "Builders" Prof. Underwood has shown good judgment in the main, although were we to closely criticise we think that some of his authors have not shown a constructive power great enough to rank them with the great architects of American thought. That very element of imitation which he criticises so unsparingly in his introduction is present in many of his so-called builders.

* * * * *

The writer of "Oxford and Her Colleges" * would have us imagine that we were upon the dome of the Radcliffe Library, while he points out to us the various objects of history and note. It is pleasing to follow Mr. Goldwin Smith, for he is most thoroughly at home among the chapels, the libraries and the quadrangles of the quaint old college town. The writer says he "has seldom enjoyed himself more than in showing an American over Oxford," and with Oxford the American, from his real veneration for what is old, and doubtless from his boyhood's remembrances of Tom Brown, is always fascinated. And to the American college man Oxford and Cambridge always furnish interesting materials for a study of resemblances and differences.

Mr. Smith here gives us in a charming style much of Oxford's history, and also tells us, in some detail, of Oxford and her life to-day.

* * * * *

Mr. Wm. Nye, a slim, willowy gentleman, with extensive, globular cranium, singularly destitute of hirsute adornment, and whose large, intelligent eyes peep coyly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, has for years figured as a prominent character in the humorous departments of American newspapers. But Mr. Nye has failed to rest content with the modicum of fame which his journalistic contributions have bestowed upon him. He aspires higher. His patriotism as an American citizen also impels him to a work that many a bolder man has attempted and failed in—namely, a detailed and accurate account of the history of America.† Mr. Nye believes that a naked fact is a spectacle which should not be exhibited, and which modesty cannot contemplate without a shudder. With the laudable intent of garbing those nude statements of

* "Oxford and Her Colleges." By Goldwin Smith. (New York: MacMillan & Co.)

† "Bill Nye's History of the United States." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

truth which in all their bareness will sometimes unavoidably stand out in the narration of a nation's history, Mr. Nye has endeavored to clothe them in a dress whose modesty would provoke favourable comment from an Anthony Comstock. Mr. Nye has written his history of the United States, beginning with the time when Columbus "established the first saloon, with its family entrance," upon the soil of the new continent, to this latter day, when the Columbian Exhibition marks the top notch of a nation's greatness.

A most remarkable feature of the history is the narration of episodes which the mists of time have long hidden from the eager student. The volume is therefore exceedingly welcome as furnishing a large amount of new historical information. As a side-light upon the characters of famous men, it is invaluable. We are too prone to view our country's heroes as demigods, and we fail to connect them with that living, glowing universe of which they are a part. But when we learn that Columbus possessed a steamer chair, that Sir Walter Raleigh experienced qualms familiar to all contemporaneous youth when he tried his first pipe, and that even our immortal Washington was forced to avoid the opportunings of the officer-seeker from Pigback by a hasty flight to the friendly shelter of the woods back of the presidential mansion, it warms our blood and encourages us to go on trying to be great, knowing that our petty weaknesses are only the common heritage of mankind, and that other and great ones possessed them before us.

We are glad to receive Mr. Nye's history, as it brings its author within reach of our criticism, and Mr. Nye is a personage whom we think needs a special criticism. He seems to us a type of a certain humour that is distinctly American and is rapidly passing away. It is not by any means the highest type of humour, and it depends so entirely upon its elements of surprise and contrast that it grows excessively wearisome at times. But, nevertheless, it is a type which gave Mark Twain and Artemus Ward their fame, and it is as distinctly American as Chicago Pork or Boston Beans. The pages are very aptly illustrated by F. Oppen, and we cannot but smile at the rapt expression of countenance portrayed by the Father of his Country as he contemplates a glue factory on the further bank of the Delaware; the look of woe on the face of Montezuma as he listens to the sound of the accumulating interest; or the axiomatic solving of the Mayflower mystery, or how She was able to supply the present generation with spinning-wheels and chairs.

Altogether, the book is bright and readable, and we cannot but again mention the singular fitness of its writer. What could be more appropriate than that a distinctly American writer should compile a history of his country?

* * * * *

One must indeed be particular if he is not content to idle away an hour or so in the company of "The King of the Schnovers" and the

* "The King of the Schnovers." By I. Zangwill. (New York: MacMillan & Co. New York and London, 1894.)

other eccentric but entertaining characters introduced in the volume of sketches by I. Zangwill. The collection is a typical example of the style which is so popular at the present time, the short story. Moreover, in this volume appears the short story at its best. The author has filled each sketch with bright, witty sayings and pointed phrases, and has yet, at the same time, maintained a finished, careful style of writing, so that the reader does not feel, as is often the case after reading such stories, that he has been amused at the expense of his literary taste. It is comparatively seldom that this happy blending of wit and style are found, for too often the one is sacrificed to the other, and the story is finished in style and uninteresting or else witty and without literary merit. It is this which makes Mark Twain the humorist that he is. Indeed, the author of "The Prince of the Schnovers" reminds at times of Mr. Clemens.

One of the best of the collection is a little sketch entitled "A Tragi-Comedy of Creeds." Here the author develops an unexpected quality of pathos, and shows himself as much at home in this style as in the purely humorous.

* * * * *

In marked contrast to the foregoing is the book entitled "On a Margin,"* a highly sensational romance, whose hero is an unscrupulous operator on the stock exchange, and who, by the most impossible strokes of genius and "nerve," wins for himself untold millions. When the book is finished one's first impulse is to feel in one's vest pocket for a cool million lying loose there. The hero thinks nothing of putting a paltry \$5,000,000 into a pool, of ruining his friends and killing his enemies, bribing judges, juries, legislators, straightening the Mississippi and other little every-day amusements such as these. The book has not even its style to recommend it, for the characters are poorly introduced and the writing is stilted and unnatural. A slight idea of the book may be given from the climax. The book concludes with an attempt by one of his victims to murder the hero. The method chosen is by turning an electric light current onto the hero's private wire when he is telegraphing. By a lucky chance the "second-best" villain comes to the wire, and is instantly killed, while the murderer falls a victim to his own rashness, and is killed while connecting the wires, while the hero retires from active life and gives \$10,000 to every county in the United States. The book may have some merit, but it is well concealed.

* * * * *

"*L'age a toujours tort: s'il n'est pas déjà un absent, il le sera bientôt*," is Ouida's cynical remark as she gives us her newest production.* It is a quotation singularly appropriate to the stories she tells. We feel as we read them that there is little real goodness in the world, and what is

*"On a Margin." A story of these times. By Julius Chambers. (Chicago and New York, 1894: F. Tennyson Neely, publisher.)

*"Two Offenders." By Ouida. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

will not stay long. Two offenders they are, but in widely different spheres. But we find one deep, latent force at the bottom of these crimes—one against moral, the other against man's law. It is a sage truth that "money is the root of all evil." But with equal truth might it also be said that if money is the root, then poverty is the earth that nourishes the root.

Poverty, sad, grinding and unrelenting, is the cause of all the evil that Ouida so strongly depicts in these tales. It forces the old painter to yield up his beloved grandson to a stranger's hands, that his delicate youth may not fade away among the cellars and gutters of Paris. It drives the proud old Breton into the cheerless walls of Mount Parnasse, where his broken spirit finally sinks to rest in the pauper's grave. This first story is not the strongest of the two, but it is the most pathetic. We have all our finer instincts moved at the spectacle of the misery of the forlorn old painter, at his incarceration in the alms-house, and the careless forgetfulness of his grandson. We are in doubt as to who is the ingrate. If Roscove is meant, then what a terrible weight of cold, cynical rebuke does the authoress fling at her countrymen.

The latter story embodies a crime of far different nature. But we cannot fail to admire the wonderful skill with which the author develops those countless and ever-stronger influences that at one great crisis impel a man, ordinarily the most amiable and reserved of his kind, to a deed for which there has been no earthly pardon since the divine mandate, "Thou shalt not kill."

It is one of the strongest stories we have ever read. Whatever the author's moral bent may be, whatever influence she may exert in the construction of such a plot, we cannot in these days and realm of realism stop to criticise her adversely. She has taken a phase of existence, abnormal it may be, but nevertheless within all realms of possibility, and developed it with a dramatic power that is wonderful.

* * * * *

Marion Crawford has promulgated a certain theory in regard to the novel—a creed by which rule he measures his own productions and which he applies to those of others. To him the novel is merely an article of luxury, and may therefore be classified in the same category with Havana cigars and Scotch whiskey—the only difference being that the latter are dutiable, the former is not.

We must confess we have had our illusions concerning novels, and we find it difficult to put aside our romantic convictions as out of date and foolish.

We used to think that fame and approval of mankind played a large part in stimulating the ambition of authors. We were even so provincial as to think that a feeling or desire for man's good, for the elevating of his ideals, often spurred a great author to his task. We sigh as we discover our beliefs impugned, and we long for that golden age when the all-absorbing greed of gain had not introduced the golden calf within

the sacred precincts of our literary temples; when brains had not become solely a market product, transferable and regulated by the law of supply and demand.

Mr. Crawford, according to his theory, has added one more article to the large list of "luxuries" with which he has already favored us. Its appellation is "Katharine Lauderdale,"* and we are told its market price is two dollars. The story is a unique one in its way, because it only covers a period of five days, during which short time courtship, marriage, separation and reconciliation find place. Crawford's theory that novels are written to amuse was never more clearly illustrated by him than in his latest work.

That any author should have the audacity to take a young man whose character is most common-place, and a girl whose prototype is found in a thousand mansions in the metropolis, and present their most trivial actions and words during five days to a public, only too fully points out either the low opinion the author has of that public's judgment or indicates the truly lamentable position we are in to-day for want of "amusement."

Marion Crawford could at least draw Italian characters with a vividness which held our attention. He cannot do the same with Americans. His hero is corrupt, but he does not have even the redeeming traits that usually cover a multitude of fleshly lusts. After one has remarked the former fact there is nothing more to be said concerning him. Even the dialogues, which in Crawford's other novels have given him a name, do not possess their old sprightliness or depth, the chief reason being that the author has found himself out of his element, and with a strained effort he endeavours to imitate what he cannot originate.

The American public, we think, will falsify the opinion the author has already formed of them. We are not all seeking amusement in our literature, and those of us who are, want it genuine. If we seek it through realistic fiction we want photographs; if in romance, pictures; and he who presents us with a daub which represents neither does not either please or amuse us.

* * * * *

"The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman"†—is not the title almost contradictory? Do worldly women or men ever love anything but that world? This one seemed so. That is, if we are to judge of the tenderness breathed in her letters. We can almost imagine the sweet-scented pink sheet on which her loving epistles are breathed. The letters are divided into a modern correspondence, Love Letters of a Worldly Woman, "On the Wane." Although hard to maintain the interest

*"Katharine Lauderdale." F. Marion Crawford. (MacMillan & Co.; New York and London.)

†"Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely.)

throughout in this species of composition, the authoress contrives to hold ours to the end.

* * * * *

Richard Henry Savage is a gentleman who is still able to cull romance from even this realistic, modern, work-a-day world. His novels involve deep mysteries of plot, and take the reader along a rough and difficult path, through tempestuous seas to the safe, smooth harbor, where the barks of hero and heroine are moored side by side, and the marriage bells are ringing in all the city towers. Skillful pilot, Mr. Savage. You have never wrecked your hero's ship on the rocky, sunken reefs, or left him to starve on the desert island. You have safely guarded your heroine's bark from those pirate ships which at one time hovered so threateningly round her. You believe, it is true, in the good old-fashioned method of suspending her by the hairs of her head over a deep and yawning chasm, but then you always lift her back to *terra firma* in plenty of time.

"The Anarchist," faithful to its author, is a story of deep and subtle machination on the part of the villain, of persecuted innocence on the part of the heroine, and the final triumph of virtue over vice.

The book* will prove satisfying to those whose natures demand such intellectual stimulus.

* * * * *

A history written by a foreigner always acquires value from the fact that the author is free from those influences of patriotism which, in the native writer, must always tend to warp the judgment in the desire to magnify the glory of a fatherland. This fact is admirably brought out in the volume before us,† another of the popular and extended series of historical studies, "The Story of the Nations." The aim of the present work is "to give a sketch of the process by which the Spanish nation was formed." This end is accomplished by a critical examination of the Arabic and Christian records of the country. Much interest is added to the work by the recent discovery of a valuable document throwing new light on a much-mooted point in Spanish history—whether or not the Cid was a real person—in the light of which little doubt as to his reality remains.

This volume covers the period 711-1492, from the Moorish conquest to the fall of Granada, taking up the fortunes of the conquered people and tracing the process by which Spain was recovered to Christendom, and of the rise of the nation, by the union of the crowns of Castile and Arragon, to a place among the powers of Europe.

Although, perhaps, not so popular as some of the former volumes in the series, the work is of great interest to the student of Spanish history as being the only work exclusively covering this period.

* * * * *

* "The Anarchist." By R. H. Savage. (Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely.)

† "The Christian Recovery of Spain." By Henry Edward Watts. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Art in Theory" * is the title of the latest volume of the series by Professor Raymond on Comparative Esthetics. The author's abilities and work in this line are too well known to need an introduction to the Princeton public.

The chief endeavour of the work is to get back to the first principles of art as revealed in the way in which they manifest themselves in the conditions of mind as related to those of matter. The author rejects the method of historic criticism as unsatisfactory and vicious in esthetics, showing that the higher arts do not conform to its fundamental dictum that all art is the expression of the age in which it appears, but, on the contrary, are always more or less traditional. The fact which has distinguished the greatest masters in art, as in philosophy and science, is that they have resisted the influences of traditionalism sufficiently to be moved as much by their own feeling and thinking as by those of others who have preceded them; as much, therefore, by that which results from a psychologic method as by that which follows the historic. In an age when the influence of the latter is so potent, we must emphasize again, as in every period when production is at its best, the importance of the former.

An extended treatment is given the subject of beauty, whose various theories are stated and discussed, and from them is drawn a conclusion which meets the leading requirements of all. The prominent characteristics of beauty, as complexity, unity and variety, and its effects, both physiological and psychological, are treated fully.

Throughout is emphasized the idea that the general effect produced by all art-forms is *representative*. To this term the author applies a more extended significance than has been done heretofore, denoting by it an effect, the presence or absence of which in any work determines the presence or absence of artistic excellence. The term can be applied to all art-forms, considered either as expressive of thought and feeling in the mind of the artist, or reproducing by way of imitation things heard or seen in the external world. All works of art must contain enough of the imitative element to represent the surroundings suggested. This is true even of music, the least imitative of the arts, and can be affirmed even more strongly of literature, painting, sculpture or architecture. The peculiarity of all art is, therefore, that it not only presents, but literally re-presents both the thoughts which it expresses and the form through which it expresses them.

The volume closes with a short but interesting criticism from the pen of Professor J. Mark Baldwin on Professor Raymond's theory of beauty, confirming the essential agreement between the theory and the results of modern investigation in physiological psychology.

* "Art in Theory: An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Esthetics" By Professor George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"*Evangeline* [Longfellow], with Biography of Author, Critical Opinions and Explanatory Notes." (Maynard, Merrill & Co., N. Y.)

Livy. Books XXI. and XXII. Edited by Greenough & Peck. Alphonse Daudet, Freeborn; Popular Science, Luquins. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

"The Spirit of God," P. C. Mozoomdar; "Heart-Beats," P. C. Mozoomdar. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.)

"Hand-book of Athletic Sports," Ernest Bell, M. A. (Geo. Bell & Sons, London and New York.)

College Pins.

FLAGS, BUTTONS, FRATERNITY BADGES,
RINGS and JEWELRY of Every Description,
introducing the College Colors
and Society Emblems.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Union Square, New York.